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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



December 1924

"MADONNA AND CHILD"
by
Matteo di Giovanni [di Bartolo]

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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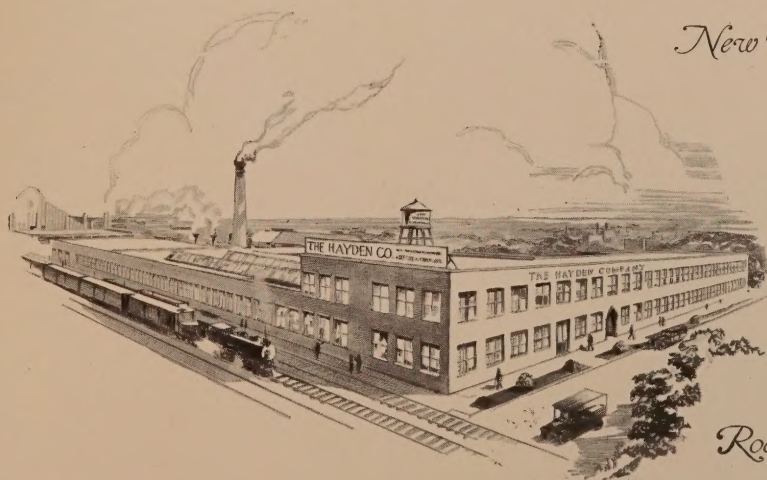
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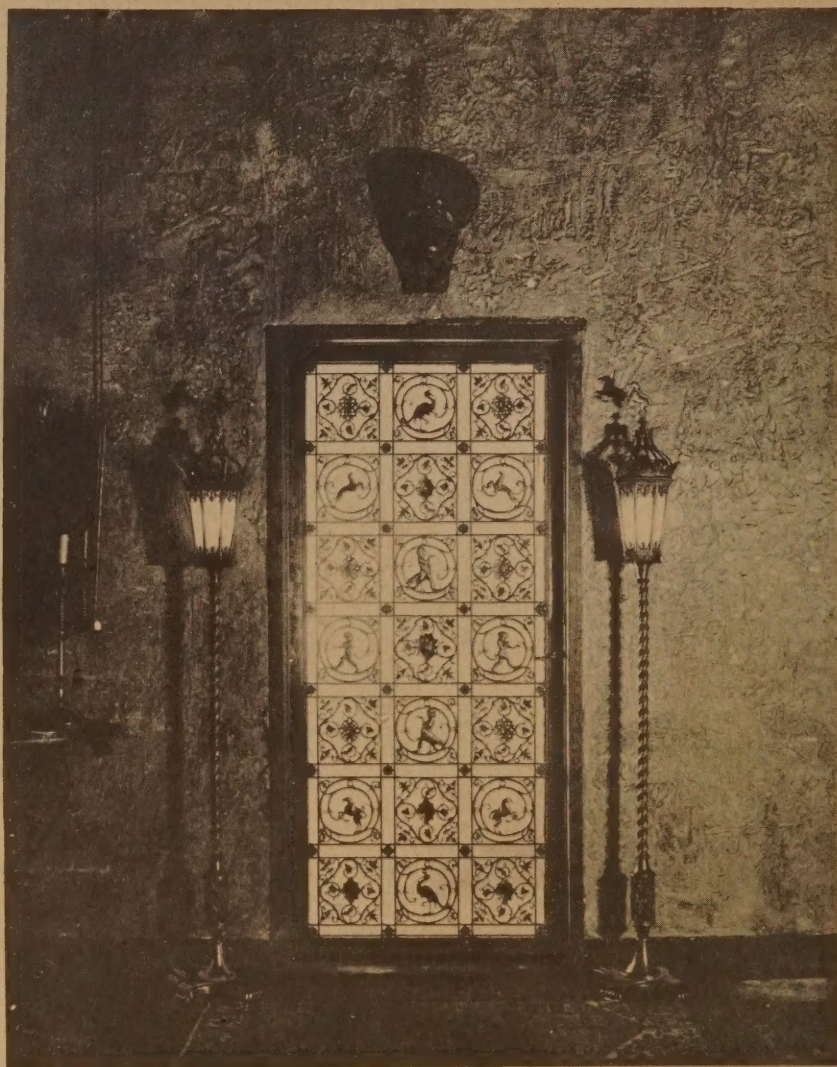


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I hope to produce, under the inspiration of the wonderful works of the old masters, many more beautiful things, and wish to bespeak for them your continued good will.

During my absence, my affairs will be, as usual, in the hands of my brother, Mr. Max Bach. At this time, I also wish to take the opportunity to call to the attention of art lovers the fact that all products designed and executed in my studios bear my facsimile signature, and no other articles are genuine.

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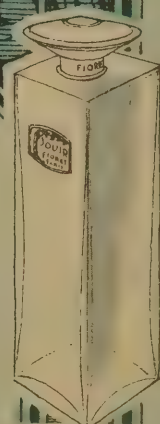
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"STILL LIFE: POLYCHROME WOOD GARVING"

by

Henry Golden Dearth

Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries

HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

LIKE WHISTLER, Henry Golden Dearth expressed a high and precise conception of the American artist's conscience. These two men represent two pinnacles; it would be

as absurd to compare one with the other as to compare Velasquez with Rembrandt. These American painters have as little affinity with each other as have the Spaniard and his great contemporary of Holland and although at first sight this may seem an astonishing statement, it is comprehensible, because America in her race for the upbuilding of her country has progressed with such rapidity that succeeding generations have very little in common.

With Dearth's work American art became national. He never attempted to free himself from modern Europe any more than we Europeans try to throw off the influence of the Antique, the Gothic or Renaissance periods. He was far too intelligent to do that. He knew that this dream often expressed by art critics was sheer stupidity. His art, the day he threw off the direct influence of the great American landscape painters, became marvelously personal, so much so that in a very short time a number of artists, some of them knowingly, others quite unconsciously, began to imitate him. He was said to have technical secrets, whereas his one secret was his genius; he had no pupils, yet in spite of his secluded life he created a school! This he never knew and this he never would have willed, for he understood the small value of schools. And now this school, as

Working unobtrusively and therefore little known, this painter developed an intensely individual art

RENÉ GIMPEL*

by another miracle, is scattered, its members do not know each other, each working independently.

Dearth resembles the prophets whose sayings acquire strength by reitera-

tion and with the passing of time. He has had a great influence on many artists who did not realize when they first saw his pictures that he would play a supreme part in their lives. Do they even know that they have been under his influence and that he has been the arbiter of their destiny? This is one of the many proofs of the greatness of Henry Golden Dearth: the masses practically ignore him; he is not even really known to the majority of those who are interested in art, and in spite of this, and he has been dead six years, he has never been so much alive. His friends do not make any propaganda, partly because he himself was above everything else a lover of silence and partly because they guard jealously the great treasure of having known him.

Both Whistler and Dearth spent the greater part of their lives in Europe, but in Whistler's time the United States was more dependent on the Old World than it is at present and the art of Whistler reveals this fact. Dearth on the other hand, more liberal because closer to the new American era, painted for us landscapes and figures such as we had never known, and in judging his work it would be impossible to say that he belonged to this or to that group of painters. He painted almost exclusively in France, though each year he passed a few winter months in New York; but there he continued his travels of the preceding summer, working on the pictures he had painted abroad, for he seldom, if ever, finished his canvases out of doors. In his studio, with the aid of innumerable sketches and studies, he lived over the har-

*The author, who is preparing a book on the work of Henry Golden Dearth, requests that collectors and amateurs possessing paintings by this artist communicate with him at 19 rue Spontini, Paris, in order that proper credit for ownership may be given and the book may be complete.—EDITOR



"THE ABANDONED CANAL

In the collection of Mrs. F. F. Prentiss

BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

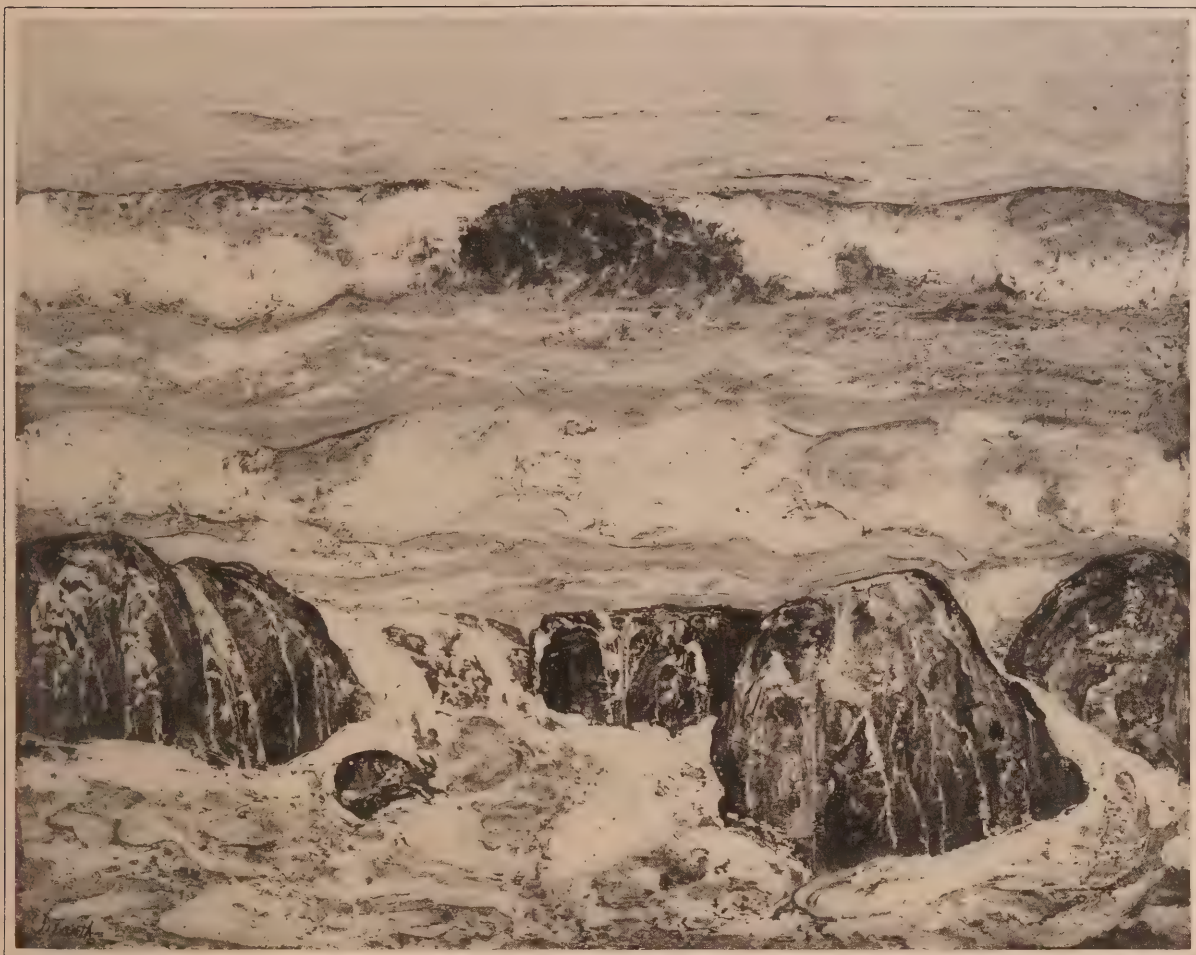
monies of the seasons he had painted so that he was able to reproduce them in all their variations.

Dearth might well have exclaimed "I could paint with my eyes shut," but he was too deeply in earnest even to have had such a thought. His was a sensitive nature, he was intensely conscientious, and was forever searching in order to learn even from the humblest. He himself was tormented by the progressive evolution of his talent, for with each new development in his work he knew that he would startle the art world, though himself inwardly convinced that his progress was toward his great ideal, the expression of beauty. "What do you think of my last manner?" he would ask. Nine times out of ten the answer would be "I prefer your previous work." "Yes," he would reply, "I thought so; but when I asked the same question at the beginning of my previous work, I was answered as you do today, that what I had done before was the best." And Dearth never insisted, he continued silently his arduous task, he pursued the vision that was ever before him and often endeavored to enlighten us.

His exhibitions were few and far between. He had a small group of admirers and friends who followed his progress with intense interest and who bought his canvases, though he never allowed one to leave his hands until he had studied it from

every point of view and knew that he could do no more to it, that as far as possible it was finished. If he was not satisfied, he kept his pictures and worked on them and if he could not complete them to his satisfaction he cut them up. He probably destroyed two out of three of his canvases. It may even be said that he never painted what might be called a sketch, his mere studies are complete pictures, as are all the panels—which to him were merely memoranda—which he painted in France. In all there are scarcely two hundred of his paintings existing and among them how few large canvases! He exhibited as little as possible; a few pictures every few years in a quiet way and in a small gallery. The life of this great artist was that of the good artisan, early at work, never counting the hours or the labor and finding in the comfort and seclusion of his home the strength necessary to carry on the true expression of his art.

What was his art? The man whose art reaches the greatest height and development, is he who has the greatest influence on succeeding generations, therefore this question is a very difficult one to answer and to prophesy is impossible. Such influence as may consist in producing imitators has only a relative value and often merely a commercial incentive. The question which we should like to resolve is what will be the reaction exerted



"BREAKERS"

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries

BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

by Dearth's art on some other great mind, and the answer is one that by its very nature is forbidden to us. But we can try to discover how Dearth himself evolved his art.

Dearth is a direct descendant of the Persians. This statement may appear extraordinary, but on being analyzed it becomes comprehensible as we review briefly the history of his life and of the transition of his work from one series of studies to another.

Dearth came to Paris in his early youth, he married and settled there, he worked very hard and studied nature closely and with infinite patience, but at the end of his day's labor he passed his time wandering from one antiquary to another, searching among their collections and thus beginning his education in ancient art. First of all he was attracted by textiles and quite naturally they opened up to his gaze the wonders of the Orient, the cradle of rare velvets and precious stuffs.

He had few intimates among the painters and it is perhaps for this reason that he was never attracted to the Impressionists. Later on in

America he found that collectors were accumulating examples of the school of 1830 and he found also in the United States the decline of a flourishing landscape school which had found its inspiration in the work of the Barbizon painters. On young Dearth these influences made an impression, but from the very beginning of his career his vision was so perfect that he escaped the error into which so many artists fall, of painting their native land with a French or Flemish accent.

We will see later with what precision he seized the character of whatever he painted. Friends and admirers surrounded him and bought his canvases and with the money thus acquired he purchased many precious stuffs similar to those he had often handled in the antique shops in previous years. Their tender, faded colors did not inspire him to paint in vivid tones, and having made a trip to the north of France where he purchased a place at Montreuil-sur-Mer near Boulogne he became deeply impressed with the vast grey skies of Flanders. There in silent meditation he studied their grandeur and their melancholy beauty. He loved to depict them in the long fading twilight,



"OFFERING TO BUDDHA"

In the Parrish-Watson collection

BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

often with figures and the characteristic horses of that region in his foregrounds. Dearth liked to paint the order which reigns in France. His soul was of a more secular type than that of Millet.

For many years he continued his studies patiently, always turning his vision toward greater light and at the same time delving more deeply into the knowledge of ancient art. He bought

Persian illuminations, which taught him precision of line and how to isolate his colors. At the same time he turned his attention to the study of stained glass of the thirteenth century, acquiring a number of fragments of that period. Their great beauty awoke in him a passion for pure color and the surface of his paintings became that of the faïences of Persia and Rhodes. Every year he



"THE GREEN ROBE"

In the Mitchell Samuels collection

BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

made long trips in his car over the highways and byways of France, at each turn stopping to contemplate and absorb, always going on to new discoveries. One of his trips led him to Brittany. There he lingered on the beaches, he climbed the rocks, pausing at times, weary of contemplating the ever changing aspect of the sea and the mysterious horizon. And there at ebb tide, with his

feet in the hollows of the rocks where the water lingered, he gazed deep down into their fairy depths. Thousands of precious stones were crowded one against the other, millions of carats of rare beauty, of endless variety and of intense color and form were revealed to his astonished eyes. They seemed to be precious stones nameless in dictionary or geology, and yet they were merely



"THE BLACK HAT"

BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

In the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis

pebbles embellished by their environment, by the clinging sea-weeds and above all by the changing flow of the crystal water. These stones induced Dearth to take up his brush. Nature placed these marvels there for her own ends, and because Dearth was a chosen spirit she gave him the opportunity to reveal them.

At this point of his life Henry Golden Dearth achieved his independence, evolved his formula of art. As was to be expected, when he returned to New York and exhibited what he called "The Pools," he amazed his audience to whom he repeated incessantly "But I assure you that it is just as I have painted it." They who had never seen were astonished. They were certain, knowing him, that he was sincere, but they feared that, spurred by his ardent imagination, his genius might have carried him too far.

At the extreme point of Europe Dearth had rediscovered a phase of nature, owing to his knowledge of the work of the Persian poets. He now inwardly realized their great beauty and being in his own way deeply grateful to them, he wished again to sing their song. To do this he had only one step to take. Before him on a table he placed a jar, a few flowers, a statue with a background of rare stuffs, the same he had so lovingly handled in his early years, and on his canvas he now painted visions of their beauty. He also painted a number of Gothic figures from his collection, in grateful appreciation of all he owed to the beautiful churches of France which he had so long studied and which he so deeply loved.

His audacity was tremendous, for in his choice of subjects he always selected the finest works of

art and he had the courage to paint them! How great would have been his sacrilege had he not in interpreting them depicted them in their full beauty. Others had attempted something similar but had suffered utter shipwreck; he, however, was able to accomplish this miracle. The canvases he painted were not only as wonderful as the subjects he had before him, but he succeeded in conveying to us the emotion which they inspire. If he could do this, it was because twenty years earlier he had succeeded in giving to his French landscapes their true aspect, because he had within him the very spirit as well as the power of reincarnating his

vision. And after this he made another step forward, alas his final one! He turned his attention toward the interpretation of the human figure and he treated it as if it had been a colossal enamel on a silvery ground and in this phase of his art we find again the ever changing mirrors he had seen on the cliffs and in the pools of Brittany. At the same time he attained a precision of drawing which while very exact still remains flexible and gives to his portraits the aspect of a living image.

He was only granted time to make a few attempts at depicting the female face and figure; but almost instantaneously he succeeded in creating a vision of the type of the women of his country, in a measure a personification of the modern intellectual woman of the United States, she who is so often exquisite, who has need of her beauty in a country where the man is the builder and in many cases roughhewn. She is no longer the saint before whom we bow in prayer, nor the sphinx from whom we implore an answer to our invocations. She soars above us, at times haughty, sure of herself, impregnable; she represents the essence of human knowledge, not only the knowledge of the past but also of the future, because the future is born of yesterday. Such is the portrait Dearth has painted for us, it is his supreme legacy and he does not leave us an unanswered question, as did Leonardo da Vinci, for he looked deep into the future and found the answer. His answer gives us the clue to a better world, a world to which we all aspire; whose dwellers will have the supreme felicity of realizing their progress and rendering thanks to their prophet.

Mens agitat molem.

OLD MASTERS of NOVGOROD

THE RELIGIOUS art of Russia is still an unknown quantity. It is only within recent years that priceless frescoes have been yielded by the white-washed walls of old monasteries and churches, and masterpieces in iconography have been resurrected from underneath layers of vandal renovations and heavy soot caused by candles, holy lamps and censers. And it is only since the revolution, which brought an end to the dog in the manger policy of the stagnant church, that this work of discovery and restoration has advanced in pace. To illustrate the absurd conservatism of the former church: After Rublov's "Trinity" was restored in all the magnificence of its color and composition, the clergy had the icon covered once again with gold ornamentation, leaving open only the faces. Whatever one may think of the Bolshevik policy of confiscating church treasures for the famine victims, the lover of art can only rejoice at the rehabilitation of many icons in their genuine unadorned value. There can hardly be any doubt that when the sleeping beauties of Russian reli-

The Russian artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries developed a great but little known art

ALEXANDER KAUN

gious painting come to life and recognition they will create a universal stir and enthusiasm which may prove epochal.

This paper presents a brief sketch of one golden moment in the annals of Russian art, namely that of the Novgorod school during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Through Novgorod, Russia took an active part in the renaissance of Byzantine art under the Paleologues, which reached its apogee about the period I am going to discuss, and found almost simultaneous expression in Constantinople, Morea, Macedonia, Old Serbia, the Caucasus and elsewhere. Byzantine art, itself a synthesis of Greek, Hellenistic and Oriental tendencies and traditions, became even more synthesized on the soil of Russia, where it met and merged with the composite influences of Greek colonists (who date from the seventh century B. C.), Scythians and Asiatics of the greatest variety, Norsemen and Slavs—fresh, naïve and susceptible. It reached its highest and ripest development in the art of the city republic of Novgorod, whose wealth, lively commerce with the

"VIRGIN HODIGITRIA"

EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY



"ARCHANGEL MICHAEL"

FOURTEENTH CENTURY





"THE HOLY TRINITY"

BY ANDREY RUBLOV, CIRCA 1408

West as a member of the Hansa, and comparative independence from the Tartars (who held the rest of Russia in thralldom for nearly two hundred and fifty years) made it the cultural centre of the East and in some respects an heir to Constantinople. The joyous Novgorodians expressed their energy and vitality in an outpour of a truly national activity, for the most part anonymous, in archi-

tecture and painting, at home and also abroad, decorating the walls of Tartar Khans, of Greek Orthodox churches in the East, and even of the Roman Catholic cathedral of the Holy Cross at Cracow. Unfortunately time and tsaristic Moscow destroyed nearly all of their secular art.

Novgorodian frescoes and icons of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, made accessible to

the eye in recent years, reveal a mature art which combines the best Byzantine traditions with a wholesome native simplicity and sincerity. The troubled melancholy of a moribund race, which

achieving utter unearthliness, and he spurns everyday conceptions of form, beauty or dimensions. He has a vision of infinity and eternity, beyond space and time, and he strives to transport the



"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS"

FIFTEENTH CENTURY

peers from the eyes of Byzantine faces, gives place in the Russian icons to a solemn sadness almost festive in its tranquility. The austere severity is softened by a Slav *naïveté* (see the "Elijah"); the imperious Christ "Pankrator" gradually passes into the Man of Sorrows, the Russian Christ of Dostoyevsky's conception. Not that the subjects are nationalized by means of realistic Russian types. The essence of this art consists in all remoteness from visible reality; every feature is highly conventionalized. The painter aims at

spectator into this new reality. The anatomically incorrect Madonnas and saints, with their unnaturally elongated figures draped in fantastic robes, with their immobile faces and pensive, almost introverted eyes, breathe a graceful serenity decidedly not of this world. Similarly the background, those non-existing architectural designs, impossible trees and Hellenistic monticules, fail to bring the subject closer to earth, but on the contrary they help to create a pathos of distance, to renounce the world of appearances, and to as-



"THE NATIVITY"

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRESKO

sume a worshipful attitude undistracted by material verisimilitudes. The hushed solemnity of the Novgorod painting is undisturbed by obvious dramatism or gushing emotionalism. The artist's vision and prayerful ardor are so irresistibly contagious chiefly because of the perfect form he achieves. He has preserved the purest classic traditions by his sense of harmony, the flow of his lines and balance of his masses which produce the effect of suspended movement, of dynamic stability. He employs the laconic linearity of Greek vases, the architectural designs of Pompeian frescoes, the reverse perspective of Hellenistic miniatures, the light

and shadow of the Alexandrian impressionists; the very technique of the icon is a development of Greek encaustic. But the Russian, even more than the Byzantine, subtilizes the classic heritage by an admixture of the mystic imagination and feeling for design of the Orient. He blends these two determining elements of our civilization with his native propensities and achieves a form which is superb in its simplicity. His composition has an inner continuity, completeness and self sufficiency. There is the three-dimensional illusion, but it is neither the depth of Western perspective nor the Oriental flatness; it is more like a low relief. The use of the line for the simultaneous expression of volume and design and the unrivalled skill in employing the silhouette lend the composition an architectural strength and gracefulness. The Novgorod fresco and icon are hardly thinkable without their living force, color, which is never used fortuitously but possesses the same inner necessity as the line for bringing

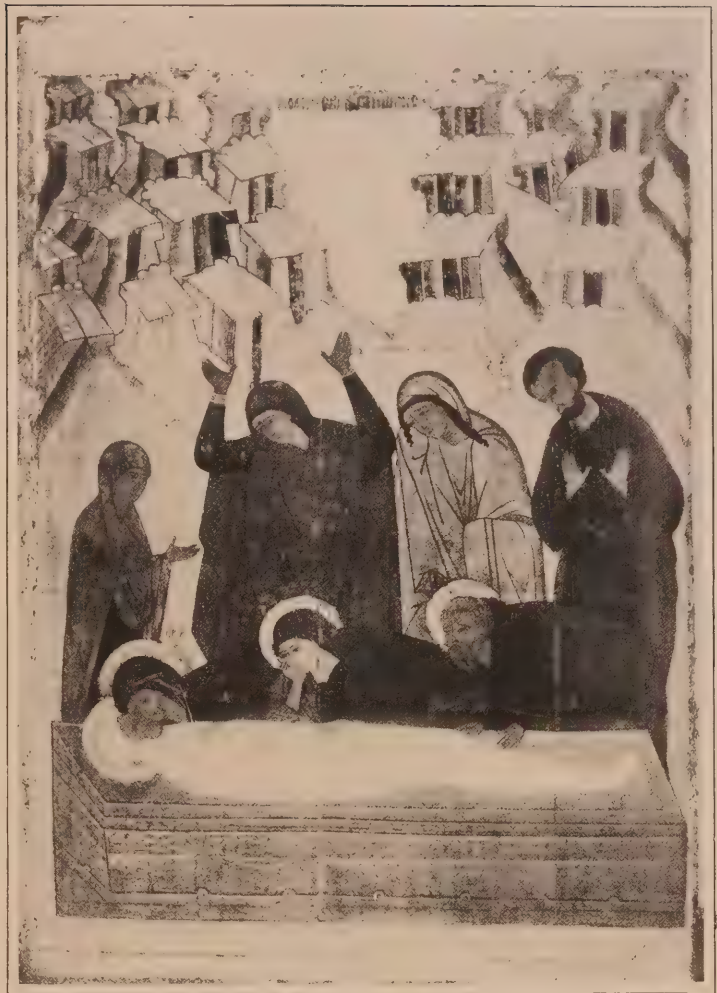
the artist's purpose to consummation. They remind one of antique frescoes in the striking individuality of their colors though the Russians, to be sure, combine a greater variety of them. This they do by means of bold juxtaposition, not by the transition of one color into another, thus displaying a multiplicity of color with a tonal uniformity. In this respect, among others, the Novgorod masters may serve as a bridge between our ultra modernists and the Greek painters, stretching, perhaps, even to the palaeolithic artist tracing a bison on the wall of his cave.

The illustrations are



"ELIJAH THE PROPHET"
FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ICON

fairly representative of the period, indicating the evolution of Novgorod art from the simple austerity of the "Hodigitria Virgin," early in the fourteenth century, to the festive virtuosity of "Saints Florus and Laurus," at the end of the fifteenth century. The peak is reached in the work of Andrey Rublov, some of whose magnificent frescoes were discovered as late as 1918. His "Trinity," painted about 1408, may be regarded as the sublimation of art to a harmonious union between Hellenism and Christianity. The monk's ardent faith is poured into the reserved form of classic antiquity, superbly reflected in the icon's simple and powerful composition—which suggests a circle divided into three vertical planes (the symbol of trinity)—in the rhythm of its echoing lines, in the heads, the monticules, the tree, the architectural design; in the color gamut of the robes softly radiating against the pale gold background. One can not escape the contagious effect of repose and tranquility emanating from the gentle faces bent in contemplation, from the graceful ensemble of Rublov's vision. Severe simplicity mollified by native gentleness is a characteristic trait of fifteenth-century Novgorod icons in which Rublov's influence is unmistakably evident. The unknown author of the "Descent from the



"THE ENTOMBMENT"

FIFTEENTH CENTURY

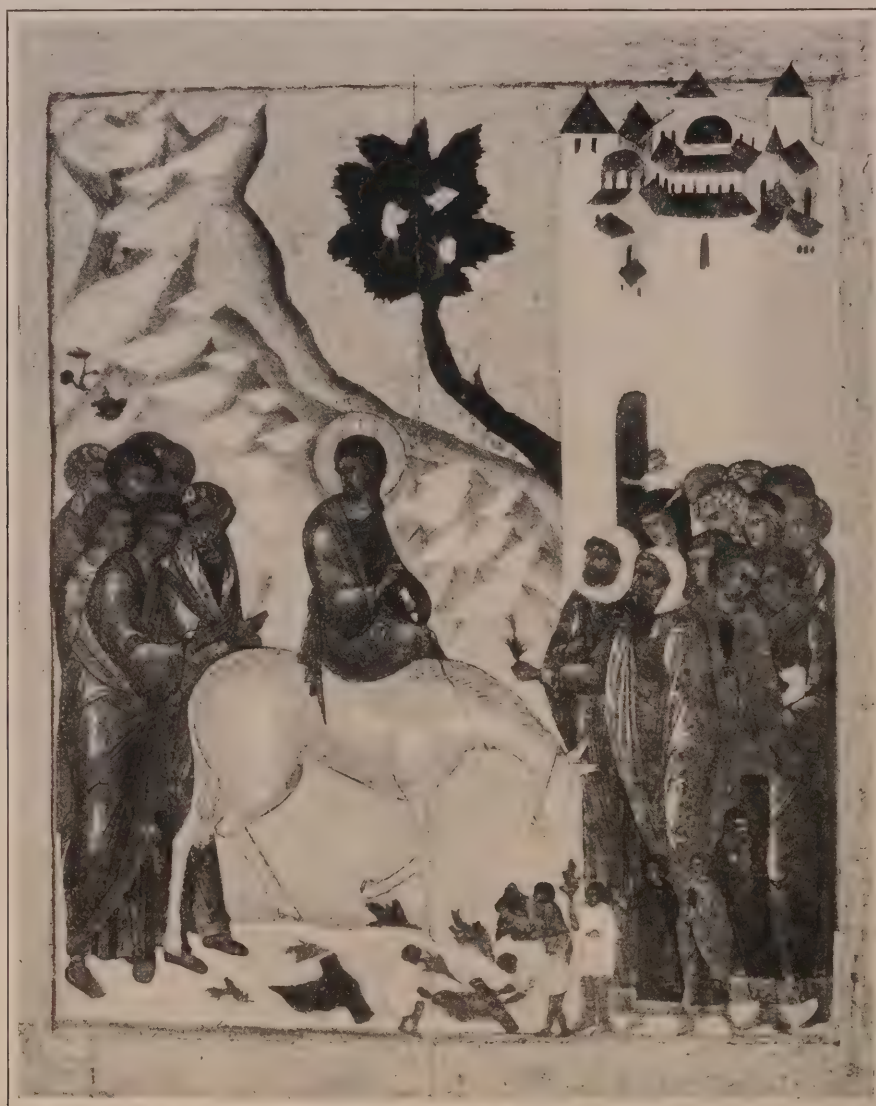
Cross" has mastered his complex and perilous task by means of balance and rhythm in complementing

DETAIL FROM "THE ENTOMBMENT"



and echoing lines and colors. He deepens the dramatism of the event by withholding its effusion; the grief is reserved, the gestures arrested in a single effort centered on the curved body of the Crucified. This grief is given vent in the "En-

approaching decadence. Its swan song rings powerfully in the work of Master Dionysy. The recently revealed frescoes of the Ferapont Monastery, painted by him in 1500-1501, show a Russian Giotto, continuing and perfecting in his composi-



"ENTRANCE OF JESUS INTO JERUSALEM"

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ICON

tombment," an icon painted probably by the same master. But here too not a single loud note disturbs the atmosphere of divine solemnity. The mourners sorrow quietly, and even the uplifted arms of the woman in bright red, who is unable to contain her grief, carries no dissonance, for this gesture is softly repeated by the running lines of the monticules in the background. As in the "Descent," the whole movement tends in the direction of the centre of the drama, the Crucified, and it dies in the supreme tenderness of the Mother's cheek caressing the pale cheek of her Son.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century Novgorod art displays a maturity symptomatic of

tion and color those Byzantine traditions which the Italian embodied in his Padua frescoes. Dionysy attains an unsurpassed majesty and elegance in his elongated figures, classically reserved yet vibrant with divine jubilation. After him comes the inevitable descent to virtuosity, narrative detail, illustration. Novgorod succumbs to Moscow. Iconography becomes strictly reglemented by the church, Western influences creep in through secondary channels (Poland and the Ukraine), and a prosaic outlook supplants the joyous other-worldliness of the Novgorodians who combined strength with simplicity, religiosity with rhythm, vision with proportion.



"MAINE COAST"

WATER COLOR BY WINSLOW HOMER

The JOHNSONS of UNIONTOWN

IN THE POCKET of my memory shines a great event. From the first it was as if I had perfect understanding, and a mutual rare friendship with the man. I had wired from

Pittsburgh, at the urgent request of Will Hyett, and, being out for the week-end, returned Monday to find telegrams of the most cordial hospitality to come at once to Uniontown and play golf and stay several days. It was like Horatio Walker's words, "If you stay a week, that's a call; every day after that is to your credit." Arriving, there seemed a warm current of goodwill that enveloped. Cigarettes appeared, and our host and hostess were alight with the prospect of picture talk, art, painters; they loved the thought.

This treasure house was no castle. The first room I entered was small and clothed with cloth of gold, the rich frames touched each other, and when I looked I found great canvases by America's most famous masters, accumulated wealth that might have been Aladdin's. Mind you, I felt myself; I had not been beaten down by wealth

How a collector in a small Pennsylvania city brought inspiration to himself and his community

F. NEWLIN PRIGE

and butlers and great handsome figures of men that held me back from their millionaire master. This collector was not one of *the* rich, except in his pictures and in the love and appre-

ciation of beauty no wealth can buy. At once things seemed genuine. Here was a dream lived out, the muse won. Crowded, canvas-filled walls greeted you, genial comfort pervaded. We had glorious welcome. "Here is the first picture we bought. We never sell paintings, they seem of ourselves. We love our pictures and hold onto them." This in the distance heard, for I was absorbed by Twachtman's "Niagara in Winter." And yet I got their feeling, the paintings were a part of themselves. If they were immensely valuable, so is one's eye. Poverty or famine were preferable to starving spirits and unfed souls. The Johnsons are like that. As a boy at school, a young man at college, a struggling lawyer, this man saw beauty and drank deep of things beautiful in nature and the arts. Music, literature, he was lifted up by them. Surely as the dawn he



"PILLARS OF THE STORM"

BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

grew in appreciation, found stimulus and inspiration. He traveled in Maine, Alaska, Europe, going back to little odd bits of beauty as one calls again on a friend. The galleries of Europe fascinated. He thrilled at age old themes and figures and traced them through art histories, great libraries. It was natural and quite like this fairy story of living happy, that his wife-to-be loved art, had a keen appreciation. When they were married in 1905, some of their friends, feeling this esthetic congeniality, sent works of art, which formed the glad beginning of the Johnson collection.

"The beauty in good pictures so appealed to me and gave me so much pleasure and comfort that I conceived the notion of gathering together a collection of good things, the best I could afford with my limited means, not only for my own happiness and elevation, but for the benefit and pleasure of

others as well," is the way Mr. Johnson talked. "I felt that my own family could not be surrounded by beautiful things and fail to be influenced for good by them—that beauty in the home would bring beauty and higher aspirations into the mind and soul of every one in the house. I felt that such a collection surely would help to

create and stimulate an interest and a love of art among my friends, arouse in them a beauty-hunger. This end, I am satisfied, has to a certain degree been accomplished. I firmly believe that a collection of good works of art in a community exerts a subtle influence for refinement and is a stimulus to art generally, and that 'a thing of beauty' is not only 'a joy forever,' but a vital dynamic force as well. I want my collection to contribute to the true betterment of this and future generations—to make their lives fuller and richer.

"A WET ROAD"

BY CHAUNCEY F. RYDER





"NIAGARA"

BY JOHN H. TWACHTMAN

"In assembling my collection I have confined myself almost entirely to works of our American artists, because I believe in them and want to lend them all the aid and encouragement I can, and because I believe they have produced and are producing work as good and as vital as ever has been produced in any country at any time in the history of art."

And so the Johnsons have many visitors to see their pictures. And to know beauty is to become

enamoured of life. At times we need beauty, require spiritual stimulant: to quote Voltaire, "The streams, the flowers, and the woods console; too often men do not." So in the warm heart of gentle hospitality I reveled in the wealth of painters American. I gazed at Weir's "Farm" and Lathrop's "Delaware Valley," at Hassam and Hawthorne and Henri; then Thayer and Redfield in winter and spring, and off to the Maine coast with Homer. There were Carlsen and Brush and



"A MAID SEWING"

BY GARI MELCHERS

Davies, and Dewing and Tryon and Tarbell. So came the dreams to me. Meeting the finest, I had companionship. In seven rooms they abide, a greater museum than many I have seen.

What are we after? Things to hear pleasantly, friends to know lovingly, hills to see worshipfully, rivers below. Art and the fabric made rich in design, glowing in color. That is life's pageant, a solace to weariness. In the grey spaces we must find masterpieces, bring them into our lives, our homes—something to love, something to speak with us, something to richly appreciate. To hurry by in the mad pursuit of what one covets is to come up astounded at its lack of value, but to use slow patience is to find hidden in the moment new delight and glorious recollection, facts that, dwelling in you a stranger, can be furrowed out in color and in paint.

Today machines make life for many routine slavery as the rule, fools rush in for fortunes which, once achieved, the spirit, dead, knows not what to do with. Pleasure surfeited, knowledge, as knowledge goes, worn out, there must ensue a hostile personal

"A DEWY MORNING"

BY HORATIO WALKER





"PORTRAIT HEAD"

BY J. ALDEN WEIR



"HARRY WHITING"

BY ABBOTT THAYER

"THE ROAD TO PLEASANTVILLE"

BY E. W. REDFIELD





"DELAWARE VALLEY"

BY W. L. LATHROP

"CAÑON UNDERTONES"

BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES



attitude, arrogant, unhappy and unsatisfied. But to stay on a log in the forest, or walk with a child on Fifth Avenue, or sail on a silver river with youth, is life at any age, or, thoroughly



"THE ENGLISH GIRL"

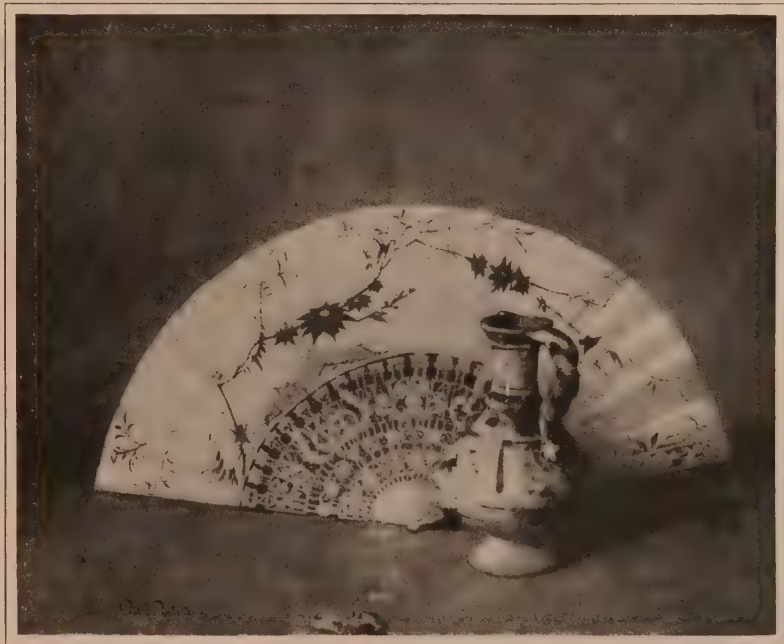
BY CHILDE HASSAM

alone, to walk through museums of culture and see the light and the color and the lilt of design, to feel a thrill of sorrow and know the remorse of regret, is life in its deepest color. The artist stops to meet life's beauty. For artists know fear and love and heat and cold and dreams discomfort ridden, and jealousy that bites into their thighs until they ride success. To feel success and on the morrow know they have yet far to go in this film-colored universe of beauty, that is an artist's life.

Nature in its turmoil of grandeur and decay provides a mirage for the artist, so that forms meet, build up, compose, and color dances naked in its beauty; bold characters appear

"THE FAN"

BY EMIL CARLSEN



"THE PALM LEAF FAN"

BY THOMAS W. DEWING

and romance writes its story on the mind. Mad-dened, he rises to employ the brush, perhaps to win, mayhap to lose, the tangled vision of his dream, and all goes into his experience, appreciation. Give time, O casual! Tied in by cells of marble, business detail, words, signatures, elevators, look well and contemplate. It is for you a lode star, a collection of pictures like this of the Johnsons, to bring you into the secluded



"SUNSHINE AND SHADOW"

BY FRANK W. BENSON



"THE END OF WINTER"

BY ERNEST LAWSON

valley of art. Many will guide your open mind, as Robert Macbeth helped to guide that of Mr. Johnson. Thus you may have a triple alliance,

artist, dealer and owner, all playing fair for the event—an orchestra in your home, near your heart, and for your fellows.



PORTRAIT OF ROBERT
BOYLE JOHNSON
BY ROBERT HENRI



ELIZABETHAN LIVING ROOM

CHARLES OF LONDON, DECORATOR

Development in DEGRATION

AN EXHIBITION which "aims to set a standard for a higher expression of artistic ideals and to spread abroad throughout the land a love for honest, conscientious

craftsmanship, a desire for the beautiful and an illustration of a practical application of the principles of art to our everyday needs in the home," would seem to have been inspired by William Morris. The goal set forth in the quotation is, however, that of the Art-in-Trades Club whose third annual exhibition was held recently in New York. It is an event not to be treated lightly when a group of America's foremost decorators present their best for criticism. It savors strongly of the craftsman, of the amateur—"Here is what we have done. Come and share our enjoyment."

But it has also another side. These rooms, so carefully arranged, were designed to follow as well as to mould public taste. There were more than twenty of them, each complete, each seemingly

*Recent exhibition of the
Art-in-Trades Club shows
the trend of interior decoration
in America*

FRANCIS F. FULTON

part of an actual house. At first glance it seemed that a greatly varied choice of style was offered and yet it is probable that the range was much more limited than a similar exhibition would

have shown a few years ago. Many indications, of which this display is an important one, seem to show that American taste is crystalizing.

Style in furniture and decoration is a direct development of architecture, as architecture is of economic, esthetic and sociological conditions. And our architecture has definitely emerged from the fumbling stage which followed the reaction to the "awful forties" and the half century thereafter. We have as completely finished with "art nouveau" as we have with the frantic jig-saw, the indeterminate lumps of "comfortable" chairs or the patent rocker. We have learned that in architecture and decoration a desire for beauty is not a thing to be ashamed of and that comfort and esthetic enjoyment are compatible.



SPANISH-ITALIAN LIVING HALL

RAYMOND ANTHONY COURT, INC., DECORATOR

The modern style of decoration which has taken such strong hold in England and France was doomed to failure here. We are too young to be completely unconventional. This is not a thing for either pride or regret; it is a condition. A child suffers far more for a parent's non-conformity than the case warrants, but he suffers none the less. And it is only the parents—the older generation, or civilization—which can be whole-heartedly radical. And certainly conservatism is infinitely to be preferred to an apologetic freedom. The primary object of furniture is comfort; we know that this is increased if the forms and colors are pleasing, if we know them to be good, and no amount of physical ease can overcome the mental stress of living with surroundings which may be in the most advanced manner but which we are far from sure we really like.

Then, too, the not unfamiliar statement that “we don't know much about art, but we know what we like” is losing its truth. We are beginning to know about art, particularly decorative art, and with that knowledge are

gaining a true liking. Styles are something more than names and we see a reason for lopping off some of the frills which made our childhood one long series of accidents.

Of the historic styles there is again a fairly definite limitation of suitability. Modern convenience and the middle ages are an anachronism. And so, in the main, we turn to England and Italy of the eighteenth century, occasionally to Spain and to the Tudor, for our more formal houses and

LOUIS XVI SITTING ROOM

E. A. BELMONT, DECORATOR





ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DINING ROOM

FRANK PARTRIDGE, INC., DECORATOR

apartments and to developments from the products of our own early craftsmen for simpler furnishings. Of course these overlap in many directions, and also, greatly to our credit, we are less insistent on strictly "period" rooms. Perhaps because we are no longer in awe of them.

The developments and adaptations from both American and European examples show another important tendency in decoration. It is by such

means that styles are developed and it may well be that this is the beginning of an American "period" which, combining the arts of many countries and many centuries, will become the first great style since the Georgian.

Everyone has been oppressed by strictly "period" rooms, rooms which extended to owner or guest the hospitality of a museum or the "funeral-wedding" parlor of an earlier day. Too

ENGLISH XVIII CENTURY SITTING ROOM

HENRY F. BULTITUDE, DECORATOR



often, in the search for correctness of detail, such rooms were treated as a problem in decoration rather than as places in which persons might enjoy themselves. It was from rooms such as these, formal and immutable examples of taste good or bad, that man fled to his "den," a hallowed spot, sacred to disorder. Not an ideal arrangement surely, but one which must inevitably follow the conversion of a home into a series of show rooms.

How far we have come from that unfortunate condition was demonstrated by the "den" arranged by the Tiffany Studios.



MASTER'S BEDROOM

B. ALTMAN & CO., DECORATORS

Here was a room, still masculine, but obviously designed to form part of a dwelling rather than a separate and reactionary unit. So much of the earlier tradition remains, however, that several persons were heard to remark of the rooms that they were beautiful *in spite of* the fact that they were evidently designed to be lived in. Fortunately that is an attitude which is fast becoming obsolete, and one of the triumphs of this exhibition was the fact that all the fine pieces, all the decoration, were used as factors in the creation of homes rather than museums.

The two most formal rooms were the Spanish living hall and the Elizabethan paneled room. The former was an excellent combination of Spanish and Italian pieces in a setting of rough cast plaster walls beautifully stained. The tiles around the base and cornice added a strong color note which was picked up by the brilliant, striped awning which hung be-

neath the skylight. The Elizabethan room with paneling taken from the ancient "King's House" in Thetford, England, is a perfect example of the Age of Oak. This room was one of importance in the ancient shooting box of Elizabeth and James I and the carved figures of the mantelpiece must have witnessed many scenes from those monarchs'

ENGLISH XVIII CENTURY LIBRARY

JOHN WEYMER, DECORATOR





LIVING ROOM DERIVED FROM EARLY AMERICAN SOURCES

M. L. OVERTON, DECORATOR

lives. Such rare paneling must have been a strong temptation to the decorator to create a room which in all its furnishings would be strictly Tudor, yet he showed remarkable skill in the use of furniture of various types, combining them all in an harmonious and informal scheme.

The English eighteenth century was the inspiration for several fine rooms. Among these were a dining room with beautiful Chippendale chairs and a Sheraton buffet, a sitting room in which various textiles played an important part in the decoration, a master's bedroom with pieces largely derived from Queen Anne motives and a library in which pieces by the Georgian cabinet makers were combined with those of earlier styles.

A fine example of the Toiles de Jouey formed the background of a delightful French sitting room where again antiques and reproductions of several periods made a charming and informal ensemble.

Throughout the entire exhibition the intelligent use of minor accessories was notable. Books and magazines lay where the master or mistress might have left them. Lamps and lighting fixtures were in complete harmony with their surround-

ings and all combined to give a lived-in atmosphere to the various rooms.

One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was the small apartment decorated with pieces derived from early American examples. There was a combined living and dining room, a hall and two bedrooms. Great care was taken to express in the large room its dual function and yet to leave a room in which the feeling should be one of comfort and repose. A dining room is a place for occasional use and, if that function were emphasized, a combined room of this kind could not avoid a spirit of unrest. But this difficulty was so perfectly overcome that one wondered why it had been thought to exist. The decorator endeavored to do what a group of cabinet makers of the early days of our country would have done under modern conditions. He has realized the value of tradition and that tradition increases in value by being intelligently added to. It is this attitude in decoration, whatever the style employed, which is creating for us so many pleasant homes. It is one of the numerous signs of artistic progress so evident in America today.

MYSTERY *and* MIRACLE PLAYS

IN THE BEGINNING, there must be definitions.

Otherwise one speaks in riddles. We read of miracles, of mystery plays and of moralities. We are vague as to their meaning. Hazy

images of the Passion Play, of Everyman, of that midnight Christmas Eve performance at an ambitious little theatre in New York—isn't it all something like that?

The haze is traditional—and scholarly. Erudition is divided into many camps of definition; and the faithful rush to the defense of the religious drama frequently and violently. Scholars' definitions are arbitrary, but we must use them for clarity's sake.

Mysteries are plays based on Bible stories—the Resurrection, the Nativity, the Flood, the story of the Wise Virgin, of Cain and Abel—all the dramatic themes both in the Bible proper and in the Apocrypha. *Miracles* are church plays based on the lives and legends of the saints. The word miracles is often used to describe all religious drama and that definition is simplest for our purpose. *Moralities* are of course allegorical dramas, the outgrowth of the miracle and mystery plays.

Holy Church has ever been ingenious in devising ways of giving its children spiritual nourishment in palatable forms. Somewhere between the fifth and the tenth centuries—possibly earlier (dates are as hazy as definitions in this connection)—the fathers of the church awoke to the fact that a service conducted wholly in Latin did not greatly sustain a people unable to understand it. There were no books to make clear the stories of the Old Testament and set forth the mysteries of the New. How could the great dramatic episodes of the Bible be conveyed to the ignorant faithful in a way that would be impressive and intelligible?

Two things suggested a solution of this problem to the priests. The Mass itself, combining Scriptural narrative with outbursts of song, was a holy pantomime, a sacred drama. That was important because the people, then as always, loved drama—loved it so well in fact that the church had already excommunicated many because of their love. At the big trade fairs, lasting many days, to which merchants came with their wares and also with a rout of jugglers, minstrels and buffoons, the people, bored and hungry for amusement, found the entertainments too strong a temptation to be resisted. The clergy attacked, reviled, threatened

Primarily religious they were the foundations, laid and abandoned by the church, of modern drama

JO PENNINGTON

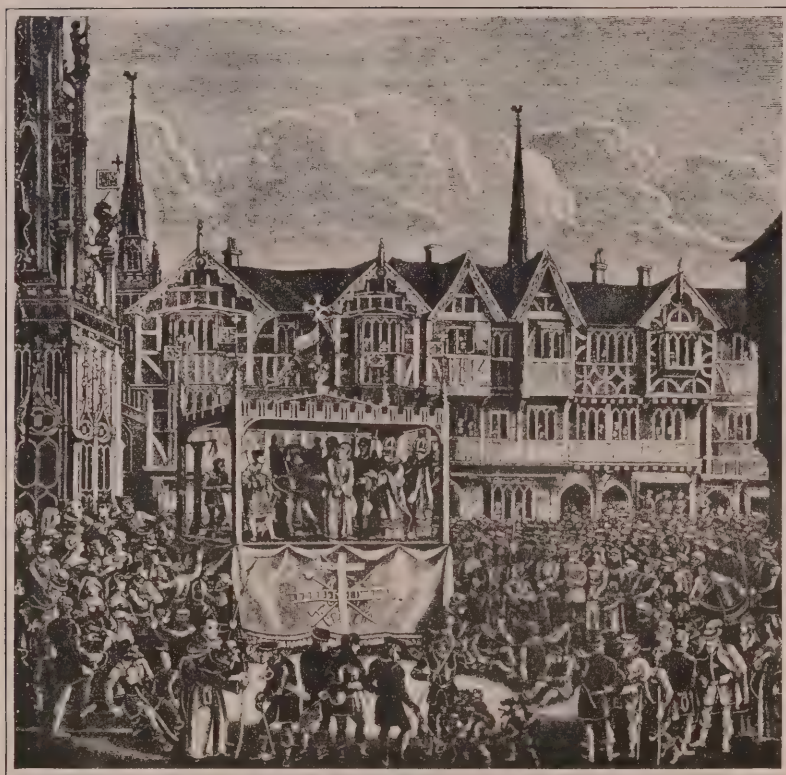
and excommunicated, without effect. Therefore the church decided that since drama was so dear to the people, it would be better to give them what they wanted in church than out

of it. The drama of the Mass might be elaborated and expanded so that what the ear could not comprehend the eye might appreciate. All over Europe this problem had confronted the clergy and religious paintings, carvings, statues, altar pieces, stained glass windows and crucifixes had been part of an attempt to expound the Gospels in picture form. In Germany it had long been the custom for the priests, as they read the Bible stories, to unfold a roll which on the side toward the congregation bore pictures illustrating the text.

The simplest form of religious drama, in its earliest development, was the placing of the Cross in a wooden sepulchre on Good Friday and its disinterment on Easter morning. As the ceremony was elaborated throughout the years, a stone sepulchre was often built into the church itself. The clergy, dressed to represent the figures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, gave the sacred story life and reality, and the antiphonal singing gave the effect of question and answer, of dialogue.

The presentation of the Easter story was soon followed by that of the stories of the Nativity, presented at Christmas, of Christ's descent into hell to rescue the souls of the damned and of the Adoration of the Magi. With the introduction of this last episode, the ceremony took on new color and new license. Priests playing the part of Herod were stimulated by the unspiritual encouragement of delighted audiences to out-Herod themselves in buffoonery. They raved and ranted so realistically that the decorum of the church was threatened. The Devil, in the representation of the *Harrowing of Helle*, gave promise of becoming a comic figure rather than one of terror. The north door in many churches was, and still is, known as the Devil's Door, and on that door of a church in Gloucestershire may still be seen the sculptured representation of Christ's descent into Hell.

Among the bishops of that day there may have been a few who could foresee how this would end. There may have been an occasional spiritual father who knew that children value flavor above nourishment; who could look to the time when the play itself, rather than the lesson it taught, would survive. There may even have been one whose



"PRESENTATION OF 'THE TRIAL OF JESUS'" AN EARLY ENGLISH MYSTERY PLAY

horrified eyes closed before the image of altars desecrated by horseplay that turned the sacred dramas into farces. But when that time did come the church knew how to deal with it. She drove the players into the market place, she forbade her priests to act in any dramas save those given in the church itself, and when the miracles became wholly secular, she was quite willing to forego her sacred dramas and limit herself to the performance of the Mass which survived, unstained; as it was in the beginning, the holiest of dramas.

But it was long before the church frowned upon these performances. By the fourteenth century, many new Bible stories had been added and even the lives and legends of the saints had formed the basis of church plays. The most significant change, however, was the introduction of bits of the vernacular into the Latin text because it marked the beginning of a new phase of religious drama.

The expanding ceremonies outgrew the confines of the church, both literally and spiritually. The license taken by clerical actors was the source of much uneasiness to church authorities. Herod had first set the pace for comedy, and the eager response of the audience had encouraged the introduction of other comic characters; of antics amounting to horseplay, dialogue that was all but ribald and homely bits of action that were not altogether in keeping with the piety of the theme. The first restriction put upon church dramas was

the prohibition of such performances as part of the regular service. They must be given after, instead of as part of, the Mass. The next step was to drive them from the church into the porch or churchyard; and the final severance of the sacred drama from the church was a decree forbidding any priest from appearing in a miracle or mystery play.

The two purposes which had actuated the church in offering its people Scripture stories in dramatic form had been to wean them from pagan plays and unholy performances, and to instruct them in Bible stories. At first both had been successful, but later the religious plays threatened to outdo the pagan performances in license and certainly outdid them in splendor and popularity. It became useless to preach against; it was too

late to offer the wholesome bread of unadorned piety to children who had tasted the sweets of spectacular and intelligible drama.

Meanwhile lay societies, cathedral schools and trade guilds were presenting miracle plays in honor of their patron saints or to celebrate holy days. In schools and in fact in most of the parishes of England, there had already been a curious ceremony known as the festival of the Boy Bishop. From the 6th of December, St. Nicholas' Day, to the 28th, Holy Innocents' Day, a boy was invested with all the rights and powers of an actual bishop, with but one or two exceptions. On the 6th a procession was held, and the Boy Bishop led the way to the church, accompanied by his schoolmates dressed as priests. He performed all church ceremonies save that of the Mass; and for three weeks was the ruler of his See. The beginning of this ceremony on St. Nicholas' Day was appropriate enough because that worthy bishop was the patron saint of children and of scholars. Its end on Holy Innocents' Day, in commemoration of the slaughter of the Innocents by Herod, seems equally appropriate.

The Boy Bishop's festival and that known as the Feast of Fools are usually traced to the Roman Saturnalia because during the pagan festival slaves wore the badges of freemen, dressed in their masters' clothes and were served by their owners. Some such subversion of the natural order of

things undoubtedly suggested the Boy Bishop festival when for a time children took the places of their elders. The Feast of Fools reflected even more strongly the license of its Roman prototype. A bishop, abbot or even pope of Fools was elected and is said to have profaned the holy places by mock performances of church ceremonies and, with his fellows, to have sung indecent hymns parodying the songs of the church. The Fools' Morris pictured is probably part of the Feast of Fools. During both of these festivals, dramatic and religious in themselves, miracles were played. At the beginning of the Boy Bishop's reign, for instance, there were plays illustrating that miracle performed by the good St. Nicholas when he restored to life the two young scholars who had been cut to bits and placed in a tub of brine by their evil host. The engraving shows three children, probably, as one commentator explains, because it was more to the saint's credit to restore life to three children than to two. The end of the festival, Holy Innocents' Day, was celebrated by representations of Herod's murderous order and its execution.

It is impossible to achieve complete accuracy in any account of these early miracle plays. The emphasis laid on the horseplay, the vulgarity and the realism of the performances is deplored by the modern Catholic scholars who assure us that these were merely the customs of the time and in no way diminished the intensity or sincerity of the representation. On the one hand we are assured that Cain and his ploughboy indulged in dubious dialogue and rough comedy; that Noah's wife was another source of humor because of her shrewishness; that the shepherds in the Nativity were guilty of many indecencies of speech and action. On the other hand, a young French priest impersonating Christ fainted on the Cross because of the power of his emotion; and the Mater Dolorosa, when the body of her Son was laid across her knees, swooned because of her grief and horror.

When the various trade guilds in the big cities in England undertook annual performances mira-



HELL AS EXPRESSED IN MYSTERY PLAYS—"HELL MOUTH AND INTERIOR"
FROM A MANUSCRIPT IN THE CHAPEL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

cle plays entered upon the period of their greatest popularity. The complete divorce of these religious dramas from the control of the church is attested by the fact that they were used for several centuries chiefly as a means of stimulating trade. "Before the suppression of the monasteries," we read, "the city of Coventry was famous for the pageants that were played therein upon Corpus Christi day, which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto." Thus was the liturgical drama, dedicated to the glory of God, diverted to the glory of Mammon.

The only records of these mystery play cycles presented by the trade guilds are in the rare manuscripts which survived the torch of the Reformation. Leland, the antiquary whom Henry VIII engaged to preserve such documents as might serve to guard English history from oblivion, could not refrain from destroying the "crafty coloured doctryne of a rowt of Romaine Bysshoppes," and



"FOOL'S MORRIS DANCE"

ETCHED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK FROM AN OIL PAINTING

so the records perished either in the flames or as scrap paper.

We have now a new word demanding definition: *cycles*. It would ill become the resources and dignity of a medieval trade guild to present but a single play, and so a whole cycle of plays was given, usually relating Bible history from the Creation to the day of Judgment. These plays extended over a period of several days, sometimes a week. Four great cycles are on record, though there were undoubtedly many others; the cycles of York, Widsford, Chester and Coventry. In giving an account of the means of representation, only comparative accuracy is possible because the erudite fail to agree in their interpretation of the bits of information that remain.

Each guild had various companies, and each company

was responsible for one pageant, that is, for one of the movable stages or scaffolds upon which the plays were given. This movable stage, known as a pagond or pageant, was drawn from street to street usually by men, though occasionally by horses. It had two stories; the upper one the

stage, the lower one curtained to provide a dressing room for the actors. Upon each stage or pageant was represented one episode in the cycle so that a man might sit upon his own doorstep and have the entire Bible story enacted before him. A general prologue was spoken by a herald. The scaffolds had canopies of carved and gilded woodwork, cut into fantastic battlements; they fluttered with banners. Their approach was heralded by hesters and tumblers who ran before them.

Each guild had its own pageant master

"FOOL"

COPPER ENGRAVING AFTER GELTZIUS





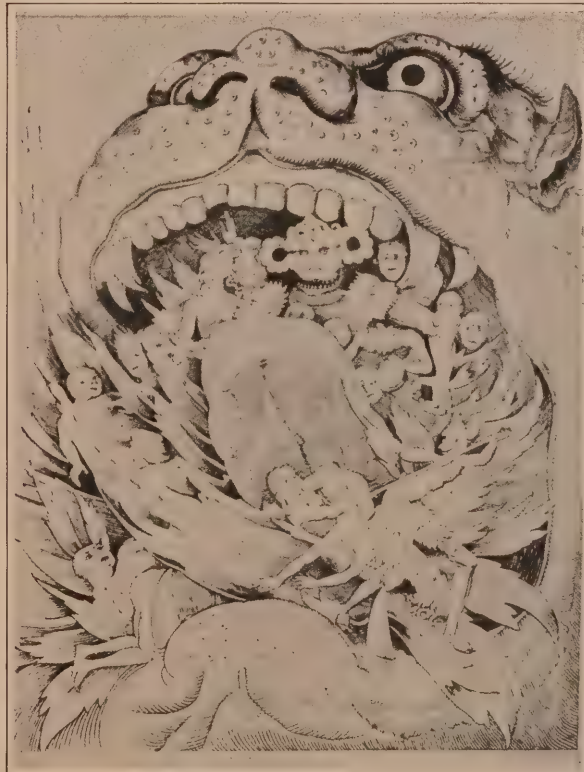
"THE HARROWING OF HELLE"

ENGRAVED BY MICHAEL BURGHERS FROM AN ANCIENT DRAWING
THIS WAS ONE OF THE CHESTER MYSTERY PLAYS

who controlled the money for the performances, superintended all arrangements including the assignment of the roles, the training of the performers, the costumes, the hiring of criers, minstrels and "supers," and the provision of properties, which were both scarce and, to modern eyes, comic. The money was raised by levying upon each craftsman an annual tax to cover the cost of production and this was refunded to the guild from the collections taken at the time of performance. Actors were paid, and paid well according to the standards of the time, for rehearsals as well as performances. An itemized account of expenditures, taken from a manuscript record kept by a pag-

nant master in one of the old cycles, is amusing. Among other notes concerning the production of this group of mystery plays it lists:

"THE PIT'S MOUTH" FROM AN EARLY GERMAN WOODCUT



It' paid to God .xx d
It' paid to the demon.....xxj d
It' paid to the iij Maryes....ij s
It' paid to the ij worms of conscience...xvj d
To Fauston for cock crowing...ij d

God's traditional costume was of white leather, with a gilt wig and beard. This was likewise the costume for Christ though the latter usually added the red sandals of one who had trod the wine press. Saints wore gilded beards and wigs, angels had gilt wings, the Virgin a crown. The souls of the saved wore white; those of the damned, black or black and

yellow. Herod was clothed as a Saracen in a mask and helmet. Most of the actors wore gloves and probably used some kind of grease paint. The devil wore a grisly mask, was shaggy and beast-like, with horns, cloven feet and a forked tail. His attendant demons were similarly dressed with coats covered with horsehair to make them look like awesome monsters.

Hell was usually represented as an enormous dragon painted on linen with jaws that opened and shut. A light within gave the effect of flames. When the devil carried off a soul, there was a great noise in the beast's interior, made by the rattling of pans and kettles and thick smoke issued from the dragon's mouth. Among stage effects recorded in old manuscripts we find a gilded cross with a rope to draw it up; trumpets and bagpipes and pulpits for the angels.

The realism, probably gross enough, of these performances is frequently deplored by scholars and commentators. They seem to think it a profanation of Scripture stories when, for instance, a shepherd in the Nativity play wore his ordinary clothes and spoke with a Yorkshire accent. It is more usual, however, to see in these realistic touches a natural concomitant of the growth of this form of drama; to admit quite simply that in those days it was not the fashion to be refined. Just as the painters of the Florentine school represented holy persons in the garb of their own day, so the performance of the miracles by rustics and tradesmen in their everyday attire brought the Gospel stories nearer to the hearts of the people. As a rule the different episodes were assigned to the various guilds arbitrarily, with no thought of fitness, but we do read that in the York cycle realism was assisted by assigning the plasterers' guild to the episode of the building of the ark; the fishmongers and mariners for its voyage; the "goldbeters and monemakers" to the Adoration of the gift-bringing Magi; the vintners to the turning of water into wine at Cana; and the bakers to the Last Supper.

In France, miracle performances were undertaken by a whole town instead of by trade guilds. Everyone wanted to take part in them. A trumpet summoned the ambitious volunteers for "try-outs" and when the parts were assigned the actors swore before a magistrate to study the role and to be on hand on the day of the performance, under penalty of death or forfeiture of property. Those too ignorant to learn parts might still aspire to perform as "supers," becoming part of the horde of Israelites in the wilderness or the group about the Cross. The French scaffold or stage, unlike the English pageant, had three stories or plat-

forms. The uppermost was appropriated to the Heavenly Father and His angels; the second to saints and glorified men; and the lowest to mere man. Beside this lowest platform was a cavern for the devil and souls in hell.

Perhaps one of the most curious phases of the growth of the religious drama in England was its use as a weapon of the Reformation. John Bale, Bishop of Ossory in Ireland, was the author of about a dozen sacred dramas which attacked Catholicism and helped to promote the Reformation. Surely the Roman Church found it a bitter irony that the very weapon it had forged for the defense of its children should now be turned against it. But by the time this had come to pass, the day of the miracle play was almost over and by the beginning of the seventeenth century they were becoming things of the past.

Yet not wholly of the past. Curious bits of them survived—still survive in almost unrecognizable forms. Puppet shows, known as "motions," presented religious dramas during the eighteenth century. The story of Punch and Judy, popular with the "motions," is variously traced to an Italian origin in Punchinello, to the English provincialism "punch" meaning fat, and, with some reason, to the miracle plays. Punch is perhaps a survival of Pontius Pilate and certainly the stick he carries is identical with the "mall" which invariably accompanied Pilate in the Coventry mysteries. Judy is a nominal survival of Judas, though her temperament is more reminiscent of the shrewish Mrs. Noah. The killing of the baby is a comic and condensed version of the slaughter of the innocents, subject of many miracles. That at least is one theory. Maurice Sand in his painstaking history of the Harlequinade assures us that Punch came to England from Italy in the latter part of the seventeenth century. How then can we account for the representation of an English puppet theatre, plainly showing Punch and Judy, in a fourteenth-century manuscript? The simple truth seems to be that Punch as we now know him is a composite and international figure with a bit of the Italian Punchinello, a bit of the French Ponche (from whom at least he got his red, green and gold costume), a bit of Pontius Pilate and a bit of the character of Vice from the morality plays. Powel, the famous eighteenth-century puppet-showman, did much to confuse the story of Punch. Setting up his booth opposite the Cathedral of St. John, he used the church bells as a signal for the beginning of his own show and many of the pious were wooed from the legitimate and holy drama of the church to the ribald performances of the puppets. Nor did he scruple to



AN ENGLISH PUPPET THEATRE

FROM A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT

place Punch in the lap of the Queen of Sheba or to have him thrust his head between the curtains, in the play of the Flood, and remark to the venerable and pious builder of the Ark: "Hazy weather, Mr. Noah." It is not strange that Punch acquired many untraceable characteristics.

The sober performances given at Coventry introduced from time to time an allegorical figure, foreshadowing the morality plays which followed the miracles, and the moralities linked medieval religious drama to that of modern times. This does not mean, however, that the spark kindled on the altars of the church has been completely extinguished. In Italy and southern France Bible stories are still piously performed, and of course the Passion Play at Oberammergau most nearly reproduces the spirit of the old mystery plays. In a delightful book about Mexico, Mme. Calderon de la Barca, wife of the Spanish minister to that country, tells of a Good Friday performance that has all the characteristics of a medieval miracle. And even in these United States, in the latter part of the last century, a religious group in New Mexico performed the Crucifixion with so much realism that he who played the part of Christ actually died after he was taken from the Cross.



"SAINT NICHOLAS" FROM THE SALISBURY MISSAL (1534)

It is possible, of course, to lay the heavy hand of the scholar or antiquarian upon the old records of the miracles and trace with learned fingers the growth of the modern drama from its beginnings on the altar of the church. But it is perhaps equally permissible to point with reverent amusement to the singular growth of

an institution which was conceived as a means of counteracting the pagan influences of pre-Christian drama and of teaching the Gospels, which developed into a licentious and possibly sacrilegious secular performance, was debased to the purposes of trade and transformed into the weapon of anti-Catholicism and finally became the foundation of modern drama in which surely there survives small trace of the dignity, the beauty or the power of the sacred drama from which it sprang.

Although written in a somewhat pharasaical vein, intending to glorify eighteenth-century piety above that of earlier times, the following stanza is not altogether inapplicable to modern times in the theatre.

*When friars, monks and priests of former days
Apocrypha and Scripture turned to plays,
The Festivals of Fools and Asses kept
Obeyed Boy Bishops and to crosses crept,
They made the mumming church the people's rod
And held a grinning Bauble for a God.*

MODERN AMERICAN PRINTS

ALL TWENTY YEARS a fair allowance of time for new ideas to seep through, and we shall see that quite a number of ideas that were not in the minds of graphic artists as long ago as that are now illustrated by examples of American work in museums and libraries. In comparison with the French work the examples are amazingly few—perhaps, though, it would be more amazing if large institutions had succeeded in moving with rapidity along the unbroken trails which always seem so much more dangerous in your own country than in foreign lands. You are thrilled by wild adventure when you skid down a clay hillside in Greene County, New York, yet take an Alpine pass without a tremor.

John Marin is one of the safest, and while many an artist calls him “the crazy man” he walks unchallenged through the doors of museums. He is in the Metropolitan Museum. Naturally with more of his Paris subjects than of others. Paris held his hand while he made the perilous crossing from his early to his late manner. It was a slow and cautious progress. Marin’s mind is essentially cautious and sure, there seem to be no unconsidered judgments. Other men of genius have had the same tendency in evolution from an almost dull painstaking to a brilliant flashing spontaneity. After one has taken pains to be so sure rightness comes with a burst of sunlight. Fireworks rather than sunlight would seem to be the obvious symbol to use for Marin’s pyrotechnic later methods; but if his work has been followed patiently, as he produced it, a relation to nature is established and you think of natural not of artificial phenomena in looking at his plates. There is a Catherine Wheel effect about his etchings of the Brooklyn Bridge but many a time there has been a Catherine Wheel effect in the skies seen from that artistically useful structure. If he changes natural relations Marin does so with the clearest possible idea of what he is doing and with the clearest intention of thus revealing a deeper and more essential relation. In order to reveal he must re-create, not imitate, and his later work quite literally is re-creation. Movement he must have, he, the Marin who did such stupid little static plates of streets and houses at the beginning. Synthesis he must have, he, who used to show us every window in the buildings flanking Notre Dame. It requires not so much imagination as

American print-makers are producing work equal to that of their great French contemporaries

Elizabeth Luther GARY

knowledge of what is left out to appreciate Marin’s daring eliminations. Unquestionably he never eliminates for the sake of emptiness, but to see how much he can say with one word.

In the museum collections his work makes an impression so strange and puzzling that it takes a moment or two to disentangle it, to comprehend its unlikeness to any other work. You find it has avoided contacts with the work of others as skillfully as a savage in his boat paddles between intrusive shores. There it is as it has come to life in Marin’s brain, as completely his own as any created thing can be the property of its creator. It is worth while to consider this quality somewhat thoughtfully, since much has been made of the connection of the so-called “new art” with Chinese or Byzantine or African or other ancient art, the makers of which were strong enough not to lean heavily upon representation. This strength is really the only important connection in the case of modern art which reaches the level of Marin’s. Unless it is an evolution of the artist’s own reaction to nature and intellectual attitude toward this reaction, it must be swept into the imitative class, with the miserable substitution of imitation of other arts for the respectable imitation of nature.

An etching of St. Germain, Paris, made in 1906, is at the New York Public Library, delicate and careful, and to compare it with the etching of the Woolworth Building or that of the Brooklyn Bridge is to see presently its likeness to these, the kind of likeness one finds in a charming daguerreotype of a young mother of the ’sixties to a stern modern drawing of her athletic daughter in the nineteen-twenties.

Arthur B. Davies is another who must be called modern in spite of the considerable number of years to his credit because, like Marin, he has the seeking spirit and continually moves beyond his earlier boundaries. Unlike Marin he is tethered by the longest rope imaginable to a personal conception of physical beauty, and however far he moves along the new path you feel in his work the insistent tug of that tether. Some early lithographs are at the library, tenderly experimental. There is also an interesting sheaf of three versions of a lithographic drawing, one the original done in white lithographic chalk on black transfer paper, the white crayon having been for the most part lifted off of the paper in the process of transfer;



"BROOKLYN BRIDGE"

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BY JOHN MARIN

another, the version printed in white ink on black paper, and a third, a version printed in black ink on white paper; none of them very engaging except as technical documents. The recent lithographs and etchings at the Museum show the artist's increased freedom in design and his constant concern with linear rhythms. All the work is personal, and again you can find no clear prototype, only a fused rush of hurrying influences from which Davies takes what serves his momentary purpose. Even in the little etchings that bear the strongest stamp of Cubist formulæ there is a gesture and pose that separate them completely from anything recorded in the history of Cubism, a flick and fillip of lines as though the little wooden animals of a Noah's Ark had started a playful game and found they could move freely within their angular casings.

Hunt Diederich's game is less playful than sporting. His jockeys ride to win, his hounds in leash strain at the leather thong and pant with eagerness, his dancers are intent upon the pattern of their step, through the grace and elegance of his line displaying an energy and earnestness beyond anything seen in the work of most of his contemporaries. It may be fantastic to seek the difference between his energy and that of Rockwell Kent in the fact that he is apt to move with greatest force in horizontals, as when his leashed hounds rush with immense speed across country, while Kent lets loose his energy in a line that aspires and leaps skyward.

No public collection fears Rockwell Kent. He is the artist of the great open spaces upon which the imagination of the American people at present is working to its limit. He puts into his broadly cut blacks and whites the sentiment of men who live in cities and wish, or think they wish, to live in the wilderness. He shows them the wilderness in terms of black and white romance. No color can be so romantic. He is more modern than the most modern of us all in his conception of the wild. If his conception is that of a deeply sophisticated mind it is none the less sincere, all the more sincere and of his time. If his design is more striking than constructive it is perfectly adapted to his simple message, an invitation to weary people to breathe more ozone and drop unnecessary tasks.

A discussion recently has been carried on by contributors to the excellent little *Bulletin de la Vie Artistique* as to the importance of subject in art. The sculptor Emile Gaudissard summed up the opinions of the majority in saying: "There are no good or bad subjects, there are good and bad painters." The unimportance of the subject apart from its suitability as material for art is

quite clearly apparent in the wood engravings of John J. A. Murphy. Mr. Murphy has shown us laborers at their tasks, worshippers and characters from the Christian drama, men bathing, women lounging on the beach under spread umbrellas, riders, gossipers, sleepers. His religious subjects are almost isolated in contemporary art by the profound sincerity of his sentiment. His laborers and idlers alike are richly and truly expressed. None of these are in the public collections of this city. Instead some brochures celebrating a great hotel and a great industrial plant. The artist has placed his talent incorruptibly at the service of these sublimated advertisements and has produced designs every bit as fine as for his independent themes.

Observe the cover for the *Why and How of a Great Plant, etc.*, how the flat faces of the buildings are contrasted with the loosely heaped clouds, and how the men below carrying a heavy burden, the crowd looking on, the priest standing at one side, are given a certain solemnity, a sacerdotal aspect. But, most of all, observe the extraordinary building up of the design within the exactions of the material. His material and his tool work with the mind of the artist, his mind with them. There is none of the straining of the medium to do the well-nigh impossible which recently was the modern thing and is so no longer. Murphy hardly is the most stimulating of our designers but no one has surpassed him in control of his tool and his knowledge of its legitimate resources. He never permits it to be dominated by an inappropriate aim. On the other hand he subordinates his technique to the just demands of subject, and whatever his subject may be, it receives from him fullest acknowledgement of its intrinsic character and respect for its individuality. That is the way in which most of the sincerest modern artists regard subject, if we may judge them by their works. Respect without subservience. They recognize no difference of rank between one subject and another. Each is treated with precisely the same consideration as another. That explains, perhaps, the new beauty of objects, formerly considered "inartistic," under modern treatment; why a locomotive is given its character as exquisitely as a bed of violets would have been given its different character; or a New York business building is seen with a detachment and devotion equal to that awakened by a cathedral.

Walter Pach's etchings at the Metropolitan Museum illustrate this combined dedication to the subject and detachment from it which makes the modern artist often so puzzling and interesting. To him a shot tower has as much sacredness



"FESTA"

In the New York Public Library

BY HORACE BRODSKY



"SAILING: PROVINCETOWN"

In the New York Public Library

BY WILLIAM ZORACH

as a Lady Chapel and his work betrays this attitude. It is not an attitude of indifference but exactly the contrary. Both shot tower and Lady Chapel command his full devotion as subjects of art, and one as deeply and richly as the other.

nature is almost disguised for the casual observer. Not quite disguised, however, and this is the reason for the shrinking of the casual observer from these distinguished designs. What we recognize as a perversion of what we believe to be truth



"HOUNDS IN LEASH"

In the New York Public Library

BY HUNT DIEDERICH

Horace Brodsky's woodcuts are at the Public Library. They express an ineradicable realism and an unusual gift for generalization. The "Bather," for example, is almost as anatomically real as one by Degas, the only difference being the greater penetration of Degas to anatomical sources of movement. There is no distortion or disturbance of relations, but the generalization prevents immediate recognition of the likeness to nature. The rivers of white that run down the black background are so uninterrupted in their swift course by any incident of detail that at first glance they seem merely rivers of abstract line. The "Festa," on a smaller scale, has more in the way of recognizable units, the Virgin carried through the street under a canopy, crosses, banners, people, all sufficiently represented to command recognition.

William Zorach, also at the Public Library, on the contrary distorts natural forms in favor of decorative arrangements until their relation to

always awakens a livelier horror than a pure invention in which we see no truth at all. In the woodcut "Sailing: Provincetown" we have the very best of Zorach as a designer for flat surfaces, although not, of course, his third dimensional best which is more impressive. His changes of direction in stroke and variations in scale lend great vivacity to his pattern, a vivacity only less than Matisse achieves; but they are not imitations of the changes of direction and variations in scale practised by Matisse. They are organized on quite a different plan producing an effect of greater dignity, a sense of order solemn beneath its animation, as a vivid speaker may discuss a profound subject in a way to enliven it without reducing its importance. Margaret Zorach, also represented, has a gift for decorative arrangement certainly not second to that of her husband, but lacking this quality of depth. Her textiles, embroideries, rugs and batiks are especially distinguished.

ARABIC and PERSIAN Bindings

THE MOSLEM art of book covers, like most Moslem art, passed through three distinct stages which can hardly be said to have originated one from the other, but which arose under outside influences acting upon a common artistic principle or core. At certain nodes these stages or types were connected and related, but at the apices or points of highest development they were centuries apart in time as well as miles apart in principle.

The first of these styles was discussed in the latter part of my article in the November number, in connection with the naturalistic tendency and execution of an Arabic book cover that was decorated with the façade of a palace or mosque, covered with mosaic tiles, adorned with pillars, and with the openings between the arches and arcades shielded by drooping or folded curtains, as on the famous mosaic representing the palace of Theodoric in Ravenna. This naturalistic style was fashionable and beloved by the Arabs of the sixth and seventh centuries A. D., before their art had developed features of its own.

The second style of Moslem art is known as the geometric. It had already been foreshadowed while the naturalistic style was in vogue, having been developed from the use of mosaic cubes and mosaic patterns of more or less regular form. This style was favored in its development by the aversion of the Arabs, as of the Jews before them, to reproduce the animated form of animals and man. But whereas the Jews satisfied themselves with the artistic style of their neighbors, the Moslems after the Hegira set to work to develop a substitute of their own, basing it upon geometrical instead of naturalistic principles. The idea arose, perhaps, from the use of rectangular units instead of the square ones employed by the Romans and the Goths. The elongated and rectangular pieces favored the designing of stars and other geometric patterns suggesting in turn new and complex combinations, undreamed of when square cubes alone were used in the work. By this method arose an intricate system of star combines, which, while they retained individuality and were, so to say, self-existent, they at the same time formed a part of other combines. The result was that when they first were caught by the eye, they appeared under one form, but when, held in view some little time, they revealed to the gaze different and most

After the decline of the Arabic geometric art the Persian miniaturists produced beautiful book covers

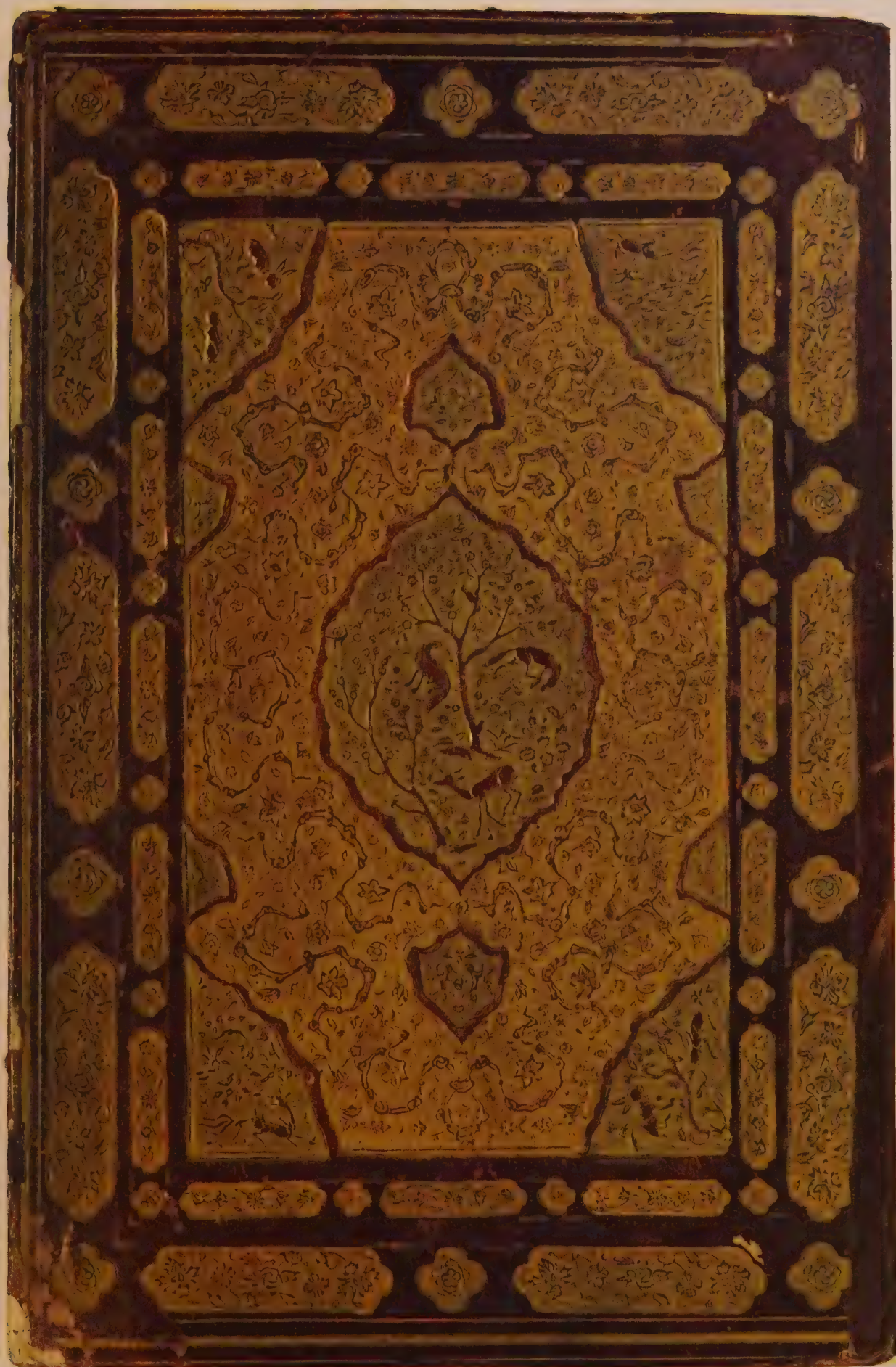
GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

varied combinations of figures, stars, shields and net work, in which the curved line had no place.

This art type engrossed design in the eleventh and twelfth centuries almost to the exclusion of any other type. It reached its perfection before the twelfth century, the finest designs being those formed by glazed tiles in the palaces and mosques of Alhambra, Tunis, Cairo and Damascus.

The earliest and simplest design, whether in tiling or in book covers, consisted of superposed squares, turned around their axes so that their points separated and formed a star. Connected with similar stars, of the same or different sizes, they constituted the units of a pattern. This pattern was later developed by the use of rectangles and triangles instead of squares, resulting in wonderful combinations when an inventive and patient artist put his mind to the job. It is said that those who produced the most intricate patterns became confused and bewildered and sometimes even raved as lunatics—haunted by the intricacy and mockery of their own designs. A similar tale was told the writer of Central America, where it is said the most intricate tracteries of the ceremonial shawls or ponchos were created by those who had lost their minds.

The geometric star pattern was emphasized by a coloration applied to certain of the numerous areas produced and enclosed by the interminable crossing lines. By staining all the areas of one form the same hue and other areas with other colors, a pattern of great beauty sprang, so to say, into life by itself. This technic was used to a certain limited degree in decorating book covers. It produced upon the eye the sense of astonishment, often holding its attention as in a snare from which there was no escape. In the time of the Egyptian Mamelukes (1250-1517) the geometrical art overshadowed all other themes. At first the star pattern was made up of eight pointed stars, later of six-pointed ones, interspersed with pentagons and other geometric areas, until now unnamed and, perhaps, unnamable. The design was varied by intervening free areas, borders, bands and frames, as in Oriental carpets. The results were charming in conception, stunning in their complications and noble in effect. The book covers, however, developed along lines of their own, substituting, where possible, lines for areas, and evolving such details



LEATHER BOOK COVER, MOUNTED ON PASTEBOARD. *Persian Seventeenth Century*

From a Berlir Collection



LEATHER PERSO-TURKISH BOOK COVER

Seventeenth Century

In a Berlin Collection



PERSIAN BOOK COVER, 1557 A.D. LAGQUERED PASTEBOARD IN POLYCHROME WITH SILVER AND GOLD

In a Berlin Collection

as tooling, pressing and pointing, all impractical in the major mosaic art.

A noteworthy and highly important feature in this geometrical art when at its highest development under the Mameluke sultans is that the designs, while apparently regular to the eye, when closely studied and measured are found to be irregular, having been designed by free hand. The modern artist attempting designs of any set style or theme is apt to consider absolute regularity a virtue, and the commissioner of the work would insist upon regularity as a matter of necessity. Not so, however, the Moslem artist who, with great feeling, in natural simplicity, varied the design on each side of the mathematical center to a sufficient degree to acquire line quality and area refinement, a subject which the writer has discussed in detail elsewhere. Unable to introduce in his work, or rather in his geometrical combinations, such curved refinement as Goodyear discovered in the finest specimens of medieval and especially in the Gothic cathedrals, he had

to content himself with introducing aberrations into his formed and specially colored areas. This was accomplished by drawing the design by free hand, without use of the now indispensable contrivance of tracing the two halves of a design from the same model pattern, by simply reversing the paper holding the design. Irregularity lends charm and softness, whereas regularity produces that peculiar harshness which characterises most modern work of the academic type, and which unfailingly brings weariness to the eye and indifference to the feeling. Such occulted irregularity is apparent in almost every specimen of book-covering of this period, and, to the writer, constitutes its greatest charm.

The Moslem bookbinders and artisans made a practical contribution to their craft through the invention of the flap attached to one side of the cover, which folded over the edges of the leaves of the book or manuscript when closed. This flap was, of course, a forerunner of the clasp, a later invention and made of metal, whereby the two



FRONT COVER OF AN EGYPTIAN BINDING, FOURTEENTH-FIFTEENTH CENTURY
LEATHER TOOLED IN DESIGNS SUGGESTING WINDOW BLINDS
Islamic Museum, Berlin

covers were firmly held together, sometimes with the addition of a lock.

Another practical as well as artistic invention was the beveled edge, which was produced by paring the edge of the cover so that it sloped and thinned outwards, thereby preventing wear and tear when the book was slid over the table or desk top. The thinning of the edge contributed also to the beauty and elegance of the book, as is quite apparent when a twelfth-century masterpiece is laid side by side with certain specimens of professional modern bookbinding, in which force is substituted for charm.

Sarre in his magnificent work on Moslem book covers, so often quoted in our previous article, introduces us to various specimens of this charming style. The reader should notice the fourteenth-fifteenth century Egyptian pasteboard cover lined with leather decorated in "blind" and in gold tooling in imitation of carved wooden window shutters. A more elaborate design of decidedly sumptuous nature is illustrated by the fourteenth-

century Egyptian binding in which the artist has introduced tendrils, petals and flowers as well as Arabic fretwork with splendid result. The blind tooling is relieved by gold lines on deep blue ground.

Much of the finest bookbinding of the pure period of the Mamelukes was probably imported to Egypt from Damascus, until then the greatest seat of Mosaic art. After the destruction of that city and a great part of Syria by the Mongols and Tartars, Egypt had to fall back on its own artistic resources, with the result that in and after the fifteenth century bookbindings overflow in richness and gorgeousness until the art finally became surfeited and thus decayed. Blue and white backgrounds with tooled arabesques and yet more intricate lines supplanted the older simplicity. The corners of the covers were filled with curtain-like areas, tiring the beholder even before the book was opened. Some of these covers resemble elaborate trays for golden dishes.

By this time Arabic-Moslem art had filled its place of usefulness. It, like all other art, died of its own efforts through internal satiety and from too great external splendor. It was like the embroidered and costly covering of a corpse. The task and privilege of supplying books and manuscripts with a suitable and attractive covering fell upon another race, the Persians.

Many indications point to the Far East, to Turfan in China, as the original home of the peculiar style adopted by the Arabs and Persians when they began their journey to the pinnacles of art. This most interesting circumstance has been bared by recent explorations in that province. These, like other things of the Orient, have sprung upon us more than one unexpected and surprising revelation. The art of Turfan was a

Mongolian art, Tartar in soul as well as body, with original development which we now know extended its ramifications and enclosing meshes far into medieval Spain. By the time of Tamerlane or Timur the art of Turfan had decayed, and Timur, who was an art-loving barbarian, quickly decided to introduce to his realm, Turkestan, art and artisans wherever and whenever he could find them. This opportunity came when his

armies swept Syria and Asia in the early fifteenth century. He, as the Sassanian kings had done more than a thousand years before, carried away the best artisans and artists and bid them continue their work in his own domain. Among these artisans were many bookbinders, especially favored by Timur's successor, the yet greater art connoisseur, Baisanqur. This sultan, about 1433, founded an academy of art, literature and science in Herat. One of its aims was to foster the painting of miniatures, an art which soon culminated at the hands of the great Behzad, whose works have never been equalled in line quality and delicacy of conception. Next in importance to the miniatures came the artistically de-



CENTRAL PART OF AN EGYPTIAN BINDING, FOURTEENTH CENTURY. LEATHER TOOLED WITH FLORAL ARABESQUE

signed book covers of the Herat school. The oldest covers are in the style of the Egyptian Mameluke art, but the transplanted Herat art is richer in colors. A second type of Persian bookbinding arose after Behzad, and, influenced by him, was a miniature art, depicting men, animals and plants, drawn with exquisite feeling, unerring hand and a harmonious color combination superior to anything of earlier date. These figures often supplant older geometrical designs.

The earlier of these two styles in bookbinding greatly surpassed the Mameluke art. It is characterized by richness of detail and by the surprising

number of its decorative units, sometimes as many as half a million being embodied in one single work. Such an enormous number of tooled impressions must have taken a workman at least two years of constant labor to produce. But this wealth of unnecessary detail brought with it its own downfall, or rather deterioration. It resulted in a technical invention, one of those mechanical improvements which are the bane of all art and the corruptor of artistic sense. This invention consisted of a single metal plate containing all the design, whereby innumerable covers could be stamped as readily and as quickly as a single point, line or band by the slower method. But this labor-saving device made individuality impossible, and the art of stamping book cover designs left the artist's hand and became mechanical, with its attendant vices of symmetry, regularity and precision, like a modern government bond. The work became less mobile, but for a time, if not absolutely holding its own, it at least did not fall flat. Dr. Sarre in his work introduces us to the best Persian book covers so far discovered, reproduced with skill and fidelity in a manner beyond praise. The first color illustration illustrates a cover made in the manner just described, a single stamp having produced the whole design, with its absolute duplication on each side of the center. In this cover we see also a distinct influence of the oriental lacquer workers' craft in two kinds of gold and deep brown. The effect is rich, but lacks airiness and diffusion, being too concentrated and perhaps a little too reserved. But the chiseling of the relief is fine and the animals are drawn with exceptional spirit and sureness.

This technic was often emphasized and enhanced by the use of a painted background in plain and primary tints, the colors most cherished being lapis lazuli, cinnabar red and emerald green. The surface of the leather between the designs was often tinted and grained, yellow, red, brown or violet. Landscapes with animals composed the main feature, but simpler floreate themes were also in use. The flower motif is always the anemone, which in the spring covers the Persian



BENGAL BOOK COVER, 1600. WOMEN BEARING OFFERINGS

steppes with a brilliant carpet of red and white; in the cover designs they are connected by tendrils, leaves and sprays in a repeated and rather regular fashion, heightened with gold tooling. For borders a twisted cord served as motif, just as in the old amuletic frames of Constantinean art.

Another type is represented by the beautiful cover, illustrated in color, dated the year of the Hegira 964 (A. D. 1557), decorated with leopards chasing deer, leaping rabbits, resting pheasants and flying swans, all of them designed with a surprising fidelity to life, formed from the artist's fantasy.

A delightful feature of many Persian covers are the city and court scenes in which the perspective is produced by placing the most distant parts close to the upper margins, so that the beholder seems to look down on the scenes as from the sky; but with this the common, modern perspective is often combined in a curious but pleasing manner.

A type of sixteenth-century book cover is illustrated partaking of the nature of a sixteenth-century Persian miniature with all its charms and defects. It covered once the oldest copy of the poems of Djami, famous in Persian literature.

Here too the arrangement of the perspective is in the style of theatrical stage wings, one set behind the other, in which princes, servants and flowers mix in stately intimacy and mutual confidence.

by the Turks, who varied it to their taste and introduced simpler designs in which isolated flowers on tall, but bent, stems connected and crossing, gave the viewer a reminiscence of a



PERSIAN LACQUER BINDING, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

The line quality in these Persian designs, whether on covers or miniatures on parchment, is characterized by a peculiar rhythmic rise and fall, in accordance with a constantly repeated scale. Regular lines follow thicker or thinner ones, and still others fade into mere dots, like the steps in a formal dance. An attempt at irregularity is apparent in every detail, from corner to corner, from margin to margin.

The Persian style of decoration was adopted

flower garden. From the Turks this type of design spread to other parts of Europe and became a peasant art in Sardinia, Sicily and Spain, where it is continued to our day. It also forms the base of the late Syrian, Greek and Slavonian peasant embroideries and paintings. The Oriental style of bookbinding extended also to India where in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we find book covers executed in lacquer work with large figures in garden scenes.



WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWING

Frobman, Robb and Little, architects; Cram and Ferguson, consulting architects

Vaulting Bosses in Washington

IN GOTHIC architecture ornamental details are used in extraordinary numbers and bewildering variety, the classical example of this profusion being the statues atop of the Milan Cathedral which, the books say, comprise four thousand four hundred and forty representations. After preparing the reader with this statement he will not be made breathless by the one led up to, the reason for this article, that in the National Cathedral in Washington there are to be one thousand vaulting bosses, each of which is to be an example of the telling, intensely human realism of the Gothic *imagier* of France.

On that low ridge of hills which swells up to the skyline northwest of the city of Washington the apse of the National Cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal Church rises on Mount St. Alban, catching and holding the eye through its commanding site and graceful outline, a presage of what is to come in the completed structure. In

Conceived in the Gothic spirit these thousand bosses are a return to the expression of symbolism in stone
William B. M'GORMICK

the beginning a place of pilgrimage for religious and artistic reasons the apse of the National Cathedral now has another and wider appeal, for in the Bethlehem Chapel in the crypt lies the body of Woodrow Wilson. But in the special field of American architecture this cathedral occupies a significant position since it carries to closer approach to the greatest period of the Gothic the long line of religious edifices in America designed by Richardson, Renwick, Hunt, Goodhue and Cram. Richardson's chief monument is his Boston Trinity Church, pure Romanesque—the style that Huysmans described as “a convert, a pagan turned monk”—and yet part of the steadily expanding architectural movement in which Renwick and Hunt chiefly devoted themselves to the English as Goodhue and Cram have done to the French Gothic manners.

In the earlier designs of our churches, of which St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York by Renwick



D. F. LANE CUTTING A BOSS IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

French *imagiers* for the Gothic cathedrals and churches, figured extensively in our American religious buildings. And it is from the animal kingdom chiefly that the inspiration for these vaulting bosses in the National Cathedral in Washington is drawn. In looking at them the spectator may not feel what Elie Faure says of Gothic sculpture, that it "is an image of freedom, uniting man's future with the far-away memories which he had saved from the shipwreck of the ancient world." But he will appreciate the spirit of high good humor in which the medieval cathedral builders worked, the whole-souled fun entering into many of their little figures, typical examples of which are found in two of the bosses reproduced here, Pride in his luxurious fur-trimmed coat suffering a fall and St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil's nose with the pincers, implements with which he conquered Satan after his legendary struggle with the chief of fallen angels.

Since the roof of the cathedral will be ninety-three feet above the floor of the nave, the modeling of the figures on these vaulting bosses must necessarily be distorted in order that the visitor may take in the whole at once. The Nicene Creed will furnish the primary

may serve as an illustration, architectural ornament was based solely on floral forms. It was not until the days of Goodhue and Cram that the animal kingdom, drawn on so liberally by the

theme for the principal bosses in the vaulting of the nave. The subsidiary bosses will symbolize the Apostles, the Fathers of the Early Church, the nine orders of angels. Above the choir aisles

"SAINT DUNSTAN"

MODELS FOR BOSSSES IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

"PRIDE"





PLASTER MODELS FOR BOSSES IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

the symbolism of the bosses will be devoted to the seven Sacraments and the seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit. In the first bay of the north aisle of the choir the Eucharist is typified with a chalice and paten surrounded by ears of wheat and clusters of grapes which are also symbols of the Holy Eucharist, the True Body and Blood of our Lord under the appearance of bread and wine. The Sacra-

ment of Penance is the central theme of the bosses in the second bay of the same aisle. This is symbolized by the delivery to Peter of the keys by Our Lord as the "story" of the main boss, while those around it picture Pride, Envy, Anger, Covetousness, Gluttony, Lust and Sloth. In these sculptures is to be caught the full note of the homely, everyday vivid realism of the Gothic spirit as has been mentioned in connection with the figure of Pride. On

other bosses a poorly dressed youth looks longingly upon the fur coat of a modern Babbitt; Anger flails the cathedral vaulting with clenched fists. There is enough stony evidence to convict a covetous youth of larceny from the person. A glutton forgets his book of etiquette and gnaws a hambone handily, one arm affectionately encircling a bottle. Fires of passion consume a man and woman entwined with the serpent of Lust. Sloth is represented by a gardener, asleep with the weeds of poison ivy growing rampant around him. In the third bay of this aisle will be a central boss and six others devoted to the Sacrament of Holy Orders, the main boss, of which the plaster model, illustrated herewith, shows the spirited character, representing the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost while the others picture Aaron's rod, Phineas with

the incense, Samuel warning Eli, the mitre and crozier and the open Bible.

Four of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit—Strength, Knowledge, Godliness and Holy Fear—are recorded in the south choir aisle. Holy Fear, the theme of the first bay in this aisle, is symbolized by the six-winged seraph of Ezekiel. One boss shows Moses taking off his shoes in front of the burning bush. Another pictures the woman who wiped Christ's feet with her hair. A third reveals Isaiah and the angel with the burning coal. Mary of Bethany with the alabaster box and Mary Magdalene at the Resurrection are included. St. John falling on his face in Revelation completes the group. Strength is a soldier, and St. George, St. Stephen, St. Alban, St. Pancras, St. Agnes and Bishop Ken help to symbolize it. St. Se-



PLASTER MODEL FOR BOSS OF "PENTECOST"
IN THE WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

bastian symbolizes Fortitude. The Venerable Bede looking up from a book of prayer on a prayer desk symbolizes Knowledge and Godliness. The Cross is Faith, the anchor is Hope, the heart is Love. Wisdom, Understanding and Counsel will go into the next bays.

The floral surroundings of the Cathedral will be used as motives for some of the sculpture as has already been done in the Bethlehem Chapel. Here the Glastonbury thorn, which blooms at Christmas, has been used for the sculptured border of the reredos. A gargoyle representing Evil will wear a wreath of poison ivy, and, as shown in the group of four small bosses illustrated herewith, willow, maple, oak and chestnut leaves will be carved in stone and wood.

Photographs by courtesy of the National Cathedral Foundation

FOUR GOBELIN TAPESTRIES

THE FORTUNATE art lovers who were admitted to see at the Anderson Galleries the Rochefoucauld-Rockefeller Tapestries depicting the romantic legend of the Unicorn will never forget a sense of liberation, of an

exultant gratitude for these cascades of untarnished color which enlivened the lovely episodes of mirth and sorrow. Past art which has survived in its youthful splendors, so vital as to enchant us without the reminiscent and melancholy charm of wear or patine, rejuvenates interest in art and multiplies the number of its adepts by captivating those who can not recognize beauty in fragment or decline.

Another set of tapestries has just come to enrich this country. While nearly two hundred years younger and vitally differing in mood, spirit and craft from the series of the Unicorn, it fills the onlooker with the same warmth of youth, eternal. These tapestries from the collection of Lord Wimborne (now the property of Richard W. Lehne of New York) represent the Four Seasons after Lucas Van Leyden, woven at the Gobelins by Pierre Lefèvre, probably under the direction of Mignard between 1685 and the end of the seventeenth century.

Much has been written about those intensely imaginative cartoons of "Lucas," the "Four Seasons" and "The Twelve Months" which were originally woven into tapestries at Brussels for Charles V and Isabella, also about a set encrusted in gold and silver presented to Mazarin by the Spanish Ambassador, and the incomplete and fragmentary series existing in America, in France, Austria and Russia, but to our knowledge the "Wimborne Seasons" merely have been referred to in guide books of Dorsetshire as "Gobelins Tapestries at Canford Manor."

And still their interest is manifold, and their importance in the world of precious textiles superior to many others more widely known. But this seclusion may have saved tapestries and borders from division and mutilation and their colors from undue exposure to sun and moisture.

The Wimborne "Seasons" are as fresh today as when they left the Faubourg Saint-Marcel. The colors are of the intrepid value established by Lebrun for his heroic Alexander series, disregarding the tones of gold and yellow, blue green and splashes of crimson of their sixteenth-century

A series of four "Seasons" from cartoons by Lucas Van Leyden recall the subtle humor of the middle ages

KARL FREUND

models which were adhered to in other "Lucas" Gobelin tapestries known to us. The archaic angularity of the drawing acquires a peculiarly seductive quality by the unexpected flamboy-

ancy of color values. It seems as if the master weaver had used every conceivable device to overcome the prejudice of his patrons against things they contemptuously called "Gothic," and not merely by using the vibrant tones of his epoch, but by the careful definition of every detail (so difficult in tapestry weaving), he tried his propaganda for the subtle, melodious humor of the vanishing middle ages—at the time of the *Grandes Tentures Historiques*, devoted to tumultuous battles, fastidious hunts, and glamorous pageants; the histories of the King Louis Quatorze, of Turenne, of Alexander, Constantine and Artemisia.

One may fathom the gusto of the Gobelin weavers with which they followed the comely imageries of their forefathers. To the casual observer the adoption of the "Lucas" designs by the pompous *Grand Siècle* might appear like a sudden return of the simpler ideals, or as a sign of an organized art campaign like the vogues of Chinoiserie or Grecomania of the eighteenth century. But the early Dutch painter's admission to the illustrious looms seems exceptional in its kind and—like the peace of Trinity Churchyard in the heedless torrent of Broadway—has the added attraction of singularity. The Wimborne tapestries compared with other known examples of the "Lucas Seasons" have the great merit of completeness. The enjoyment of each little episode is so keen that one would dislike to be deprived of the smallest detail, a group of these gorgeously attired rustics, a dance of the Pavane, a magnificent town gate or even a bit of comically shaggy landscape with a farm cart in the far distance.

The beautiful borders one might take as a delightful and naïve concession to the taste of the time. These richly fruit-laden and densely floriated garlands intertwined with animals of the chase add to the alluring anachronism of Lucas Van Leyden at the Court of Louis Quatorze.

Each of the tapestries, illustrated on the following pages, depicts a characteristic scene from one of the seasons, and in each is evident a homely humor. The fallen couple in "Winter," the fishermen in "Spring" and the groups in "Summer" and "Autumn" were drawn by no sad formalist.



"WINTER: ICE SKATING"

GOBELIN TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN



"SPRING: FISHING IN THE TOWN MOAT"

GOBELIN TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN



"SUMMER: VINTAGE SEASON,"

GOBELIN TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN



"AUTUMN: HARVESTING"

Photographs courtesy of Richard W. Lebré

GOBELIN TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN

DANTE ALIGHIERI *and* BLAKE

I HAVE DISCOVERED, I believe, the ideal way to read Dante. On a row of chairs before me I ranged the illustrators, Botticelli, Signorelli, Blake, Flaxman, as many as I could lay hands on. Then, settling myself down comfortably before them, I read. Three days long, with pauses only for eating and sleeping. Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso. The whole journey in three tremendous days.

The book closed, I am half dazed, and my mind a battle-field of conflicting emotions. Masfield once said that to read Macbeth through at a sitting left mind and body as exhausted as if one had tramped for twenty miles. Not so Dante. I do not seem to have been tramping but rather to have flown, and such tiredness as I feel proceeds less from the speed of my motion than the suddenness and unexpectedness of the halts, from the constant variations of tempo, the lightning changes of focus.

The world of Shakespeare proceeds from vast to vaster, driven by a force at once irresistible and pitiless, the insistent hammer of his verse. One is conscious that behind the anvil stands a giant, whose strength has not yet been tapped. Though his blows already resound like thunder, one knows that he has barely begun to unlimber his shoulders, that soon his giant frame, extended to its full height, his arms, swinging their full circle, will bring down the great hammer with a force to which this is but the tapping of a woodpecker. And the fear of that hammer drives one forward, like leaves before a storm in autumn. Shakespeare, the giant, partakes of the nature of the elements.

Dante, on the other hand, is Man. Giant man. Man with wings, if you like, but still man. Always man. Man in his affections, his aspirations, his loyalty, his fearlessness. Man still more in his pride, his anger, his bitterness, his denunciation of evil. Man even in his spirituality, his mysticism. Man-built, the several worlds of his imagining, through which he bears the traveler, are, like the human heart, capricious. Now they broaden to an undreamed vastness, now shrink to a point, as the mind of Dante broadens and contracts.

It is a strange journey, this with Dante. Theologians have lauded it as a spiritual exercise, interpreting his most worldly disquisitions in the light

Better than any other to make the attempt Blake succeeded as a true illustrator of the Divine Comedy

GUY EGLINGTON

of their own theology. One would be bold to contradict them point blank. Yet the impression which the sensitive traveler will find most deeply graven on his memory will hardly be one of

spirituality. Blake himself, Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, even Milton with all his preoccupation with affairs of state and the preaching of his own private heresies, if they do not outsoar him in spirituality, yet the mean level of their flight is, in the mystical sense, higher. And judged by the standard of S. Francesco he must appear a very pagan. The last of the pagan gods, I had been tempted, his Christian theology notwithstanding, to call him, but that his godhead would fit him ill. He is for that too much a man, a man of his own time, a Moody Florentine, and a Ghibelline to boot.

Blake, less troubled by his politics, though he reproached him with making heaven and hell in the image of Italy, populating it with Italian broils, whereas he, Blake, was striving to remake England in the image of Jerusalem, imputed it to Dante as his worst sin that he was an atheist, meaning thereby that he set Nature above the Spirit.* It is an accusation which must be read in the light of Blake's own mystical works. To Blake, the mystic, all art that smacked of things earthly was anathema. He loathed Rubens, because Rubens, he said, made Christ look a brewer's servant. He worshipped Michelangelo, because Michelangelo, of all the artists he knew, was the most impersonal, with all his precision utterly unearthly, supernatural even, the only one who moved at ease in a supernatural world of his own creating, even as he, Blake, did. And because Dante, who held as it were the freedom of this city of the spirit, willingly contracted his vision to indulge personal animosities, or worse, to impose on the celestial habitants his own part astronomical, part astrological theories, Blake gave his irritation a high-sounding name and dubbed him atheist.

But indeed, whatever its chief cause, Blake's

*Across one of his unfinished designs (to Inferno, Canto IV) Blake scrawled: "Everything in Dante's Comedia shows that for tyrannical purposes he has made This World the foundation of all and the Goddess Nature and not the Holy Ghost his Inspirer. Swedenborg does the same in saying that in This World is the Ultimate of Heaven. This is the most Damnable falsehood of Satan and the Antecrist."



HELL: CANTO III

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

*"Then looking farther onwards I beheld
A throng upon the shore of a great stream:"*



HELL: CANTO IV

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

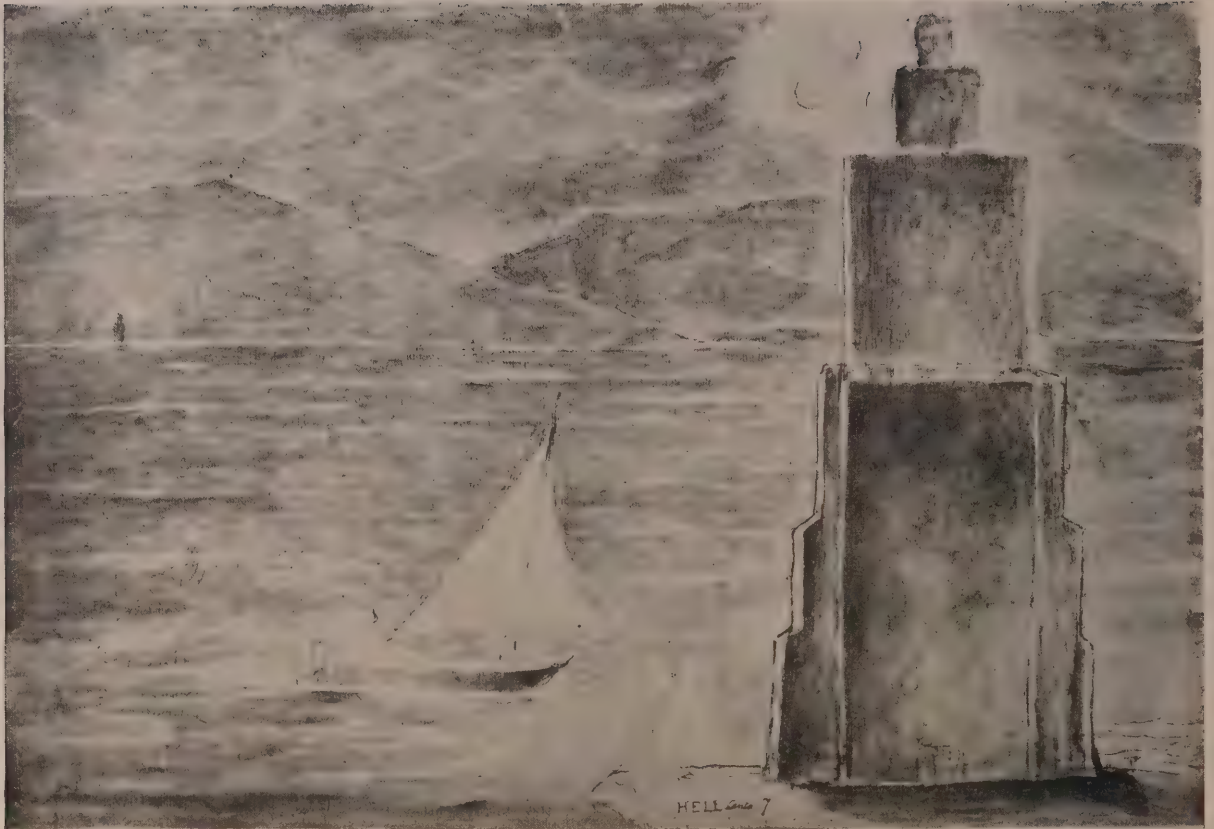
*"Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide three-fold throat, barks as a dog
Over the multitude immersed beneath."*

irritation is easily understandable. Side by side with an authentic vision and challenging it at every step one can not but feel stamped over the whole poem, the Paradiso no less than the Inferno, the image of the man Dante. A magnificent image, if you will and one would be rash to wish it away. The overwhelming pride of the man, his terrific anger, his fury of denunciation. There is barely an inch of Italy that he had not crushed out of existence had the power lain in his condemnation. He was the world's greatest hater and he rejoiced in the fact. But his pride, his anger and his hatred, if they are powerless to obscure the intensity of his vision, yet interrupt it constantly. Even his splendid fearlessness, respecting neither birth nor office, but reserving for the highest his most tremendous thunder, must, from the standpoint of the poem's spiritual content, be taken as negative. Strive as it will for impersonality, it has the air of a personal defi, another Fucci "making the figs" against the world.

Dante is then and remains, even in his highest flights, a man, and not a man only, but his very self. He will never let you forget for a moment that it was he, Dante Alighieri, witnessed these

marvels, the punishment of the Wicked in Hell, the long atonement on the Hill of Purgatory, the spirits of the Blest distributed throughout the nine Heavens. Even in the Ninth Heaven, when he has passed through the fire, when all memory of sin has been washed away in the river of Lethe, when his body has passed through eight Heavens of light to the attainment of an almost incandescent purity, even in the Empyrean he is still the noble Florentine, exiled by Guelph intrigue. It is incredible that a man so personal, so little I had almost said, should have been so tremendous a creator. He defies all the rules of creation and triumphs. Leaving Shakespeare and Homer aside, how many times does the author of the Apocalypse remind you that he was the favorite disciple? Or the author of Paradise Lost that, like Homer, he was blind? And these were egoists and proud men. But beside Dante they might be sculpted in the wall of the first cornice in Purgatory for an example of humility. Not Nimrod, not Saul, nor yet one of the instances of Pride with which the rock of that Hill was carved were more proud than he.

But if Dante's preoccupation with his own



HELL: CANTO VII-VIII

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

*"Never was arrow from the cord dismissed,
That ran its way so nimbly through the air,
As a small bark, that through the waves I spied."*

personality limits his vision, it also sharpens it and lends it definition. Whereas to Homer or Shakespeare a few words let fall casually suffice to evoke a city—a city in which all men can move at ease and yet none describe exactly its architecture—with Dante, though his descriptions are hardly longer, the image received therefrom is exact and palpable. The reason is that Shakespeare, and with him the vast majority of great poets, rarely describe. His cities are built out of the merest suggestions. "Thin air," as Prospero said. A happy collocation of sounds, colors and scents decks out a world whose foundations are laid and proportions fixed in the very structure of the verse.

*"Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."*

says Duncan—and behold Macbeth's fateful castle, built. And Lorenzo has but to sigh:

*"The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise. . . ."*

and the setting is laid for one of the most romantic scenes in all literature. Or, in the realm of mysti-

cism, take Vaughan:

*"I saw Eternity the other night
Like a Great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright."*

Or Blake himself:

*"Rintrab roars and shakes his fires in the burdened air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep."*

One could multiply examples indefinitely. But Dante proceeds quite otherwise. Alone of visionary poets he combines with the perception of a seer the passion for detail of a police reporter. Nothing is too small to escape his eye. Colors, shapes, features, costumes, all are set down with an exactitude that amazes. The very heights and distances are measured and the ground laid out in parcels. As one reads the *Inferno* with the illustrators at hand, it is hard to believe that Dante did not write with them in mind, so amazingly pictorial are his images.

But if he is a grateful subject for the illustrator, he is none the less a treacherous one, the more so for his seeming simplicity. A scene from Shakespeare may seem at first blush easy to the



PURGATORY: CANTO I

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

"Thence issuing we again beheld the stars."

—HELL: CANTO XXXIV

sanguine illustrator, but he will soon discover that to paint a conventional scene of two lovers on a moonlit bank, or a castle wall with martlets nesting in the masonry, is not to paint Jessica, nor yet evoke Macbeth. The problem is best stated if one take a passage like that which I have quoted from Vaughan. Show that to an artist and he will tell you at once that such a passage is beyond the possibility of illustration. He is perhaps right, but if so, then no poetry worth the name can be illustrated, for in its essentials all poetry is as bare and vast and abstract as that. The only difference is that some poets hide the fact by the richness of the garment in which they clothe their thought, the sharpness of its definition.

Such is the case with Dante and hence it is that despite its seeming simplicity the *Divina Comedia* is one of the most tremendous subjects an artist can tackle. It is not alone a question of rendering the vastness of the scene, the elemental tortures that make up the Inferno, heat, cold, mud, filth, devils in all their guises, nor yet the gradual crescendo of light as the journey continues up the Mountain of Purgatory, through the eight lesser Heavens into the Empyrean. The real problem begins only when this problem is overcome—to give these physical things their spiritual significance. Illustrate Dante literally and with all the talent in the world you have a grotesque. You have grotesque figures, clambering laboriously up a hill, bent almost to the ground under a load of rocks. But you do not have, what Dante painted, Pride. Or you have figures, no less grotesque, who wallow in mire under a rain of filthy water. But you do not have Gluttony. Or you have a theatrical figure, swelling his chest like a tenor taking the high C. But you do not have Blasphemy. And until you have, in place of grotesques, spiritual forces—even leaving aside, since none has dared to tackle it, that vastly important part of the *Divina Comedia*, the soul of Dante himself—you may have pretty pictures, but they will not be illustrations* of Dante.

I have placed the standard thus high because, if one is to discuss illustration, it is necessary to define what one means thereby. I am far from

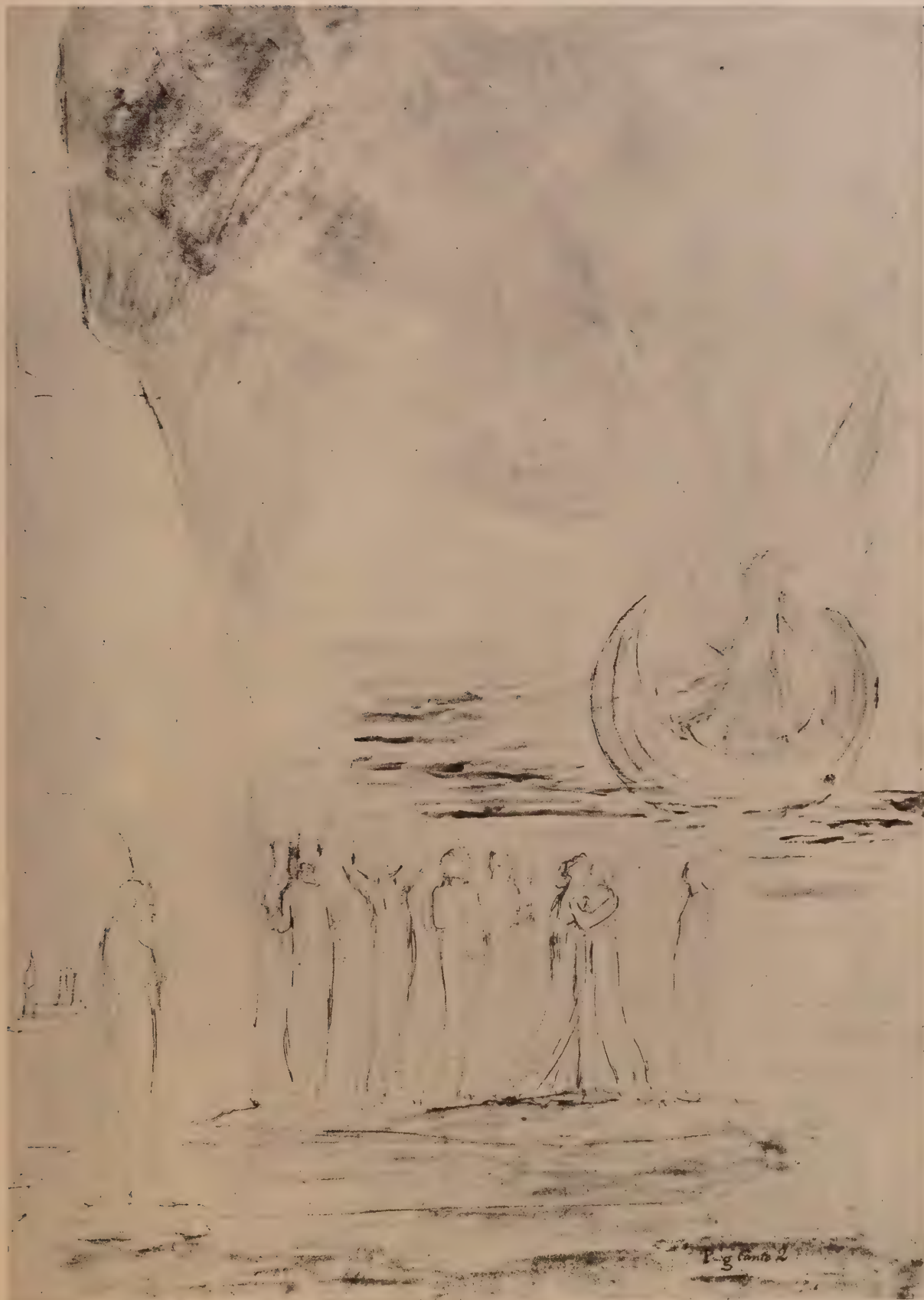
claiming that either Blake, or for that matter any of Dante's illustrators, though they count amongst their number many of the greatest artists Italy produced, were consistently able to effect this translation of physical into spiritual fact. Probably in Giotto, if, as seems likely from his friendship with Dante, he treated the *Divina Comedia* in frescoes now destroyed, Dante may have found his ideal illustrator.

I have often wondered whether the frescoes in the Church of S. Francesco in Ravenna, fragments of which have been discovered, including a portrait of Dante, may not have treated this subject. For Giotto, of them all, possessed the greatest mastery of the abstract. Yet even he, as the Arena frescoes prove, could sometimes lose his grip. Side by side with the lunettes, in which abstract virtues and vices stand personified, made living as never before or since, are occasional frescoes in which the thought has gotten lost in the process of translation and only the bare husk reached the wall, a magnificent grotesque.

Blake's Dante series is a torso. It could hardly be otherwise, considering the circumstances of its composition. A man of sixty-seven, already sick and never to be strong again, starts to learn Italian so that he can illustrate Dante. Not only that, but succeeds. Almost completes the Inferno set, has seven already engraved. Tackles the Purgatorio and the Paradiso. His health gets worse. He takes to his bed, yet continues his work. Finally, less than three years after he first undertook the task, he dies, leaving 102 drawings. It is nothing to the point that many of them are unfinished. Merely to conceive a hundred such designs is itself gigantic labor.

For my own part, I am more than content that he left the series unfinished, for in the most fragmentary of the drawings, those which represent his first conception, I find qualities which in the more finished are lost, qualities which bear witness to a more intimate response of artist to poet. A conception of Blake's, it must be remembered, went through at least three stages. First, a rapid pencil drawing, setting down briefly and sharply, with as few lines as possible, the vision as it presented itself to his imagination. This drawing he would then lay aside, only returning to it when he felt able to push it forward to completion. He would then work over his pencil lines with a pen, strengthening and accentuating them, filling in details, rounding his forms. Finally came brush and water-color and the second stage was complete. The third stage was one of elimination. With his completed water-color before him, Blake was then in a position to see clearly which were

*Illustration in relation to contemporary life has become unfortunately a synonym for superficiality. It is, I fear, too late to reclaim the word, so I have elsewhere been content to use it in its derogatory sense. When, however, one speaks of a man illustrating a poem, one must surely mean that he has done more than paint a pretty picture to accompany it. He has presumably succeeded in translating something of that poem into his own plastic medium. Perhaps for this one should use the Italian word *Interprete*. On illustration in this sense Mr. Bernard Berenson writes most illuminatingly in his *Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance*.



PURGATORY: CANTO II

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

"... 'Down, down; bend low
Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy bands:'"

the vital parts and transfer these—and only these—onto his copper. The first stage represented therefore Blake's original conception, the second that conception in a transitional or experimental state and only the third the final product of both artist and craftsman.

From the standpoint of expression the three stages are very important. The first, being born complete in the imagination and set down at white heat, is nearest to the spiritual content of the poem. The second is liable to be more external; too often the material form in which the thought is clothed overpowers it. In the third a new balance has been struck between thought and form. Place one of the drawings from the Job set beside the completed engraving and the contrast will be plain. Or, better, place the Mission of Virgil, illustrating the second canto of the Inferno, beside the sixteenth plate of the Job; Hell is naked before him and Destruction has no covering. A contrast of the drawings and plates for the Dante is only less illuminating since the latter are unfinished. The effect of the one is muddled. In the drawing the giants to right and left are violently overaccentuated and bear no relation to the figures of Virgil and Dante, still less to the angels flying between heaven and earth or the figure of Lucia as she looks down on Dante from her seat above. Even the figure of the Almighty loses in impressiveness through over-emphasis. But in the Job engraving, the drawing for which, of an equal complexity, suffers from the same faults, the parts have been drawn together, nothing of emphasis has been sacrificed, but the plate makes one single impression.

That is why, to me, the slightest sketches are the most precious: the figure of Dante in the drawing illustrating Inferno 17, the outline sketch illustrating the story of Ugolino in the Tower of Famine, from Inferno 33, the stairway leading up into the Empyrean from Paradiso 21, the old man asleep with his head upon a book (no canto number). These show how simple yet how profound was Blake's immediate response to the poem. The figure of Dante—no, it is not Dante truly, for Dante is perhaps of all men in the world the most incomprehensible to Blake, rather has Blake lived himself into Dante's part—is a perfect realization of the emotions which must overcome such a pilgrim on such a journey. In one simple gesture the very soul of the man is revealed. Nor could the story of Ugolino, dying of famine with his children in a tower above Pisa's streets, be told more completely, yet the lines how few. As for the stairway—a ladder Dante called it—though it is the merest sketch I would not ask another stroke.

And there are many other drawings, not much more advanced than these, save that there are here and there ink strokes and light touches of wash, which show how complete could be Blake's first visualization. The Condemned Souls being swept into Charon's boat (Inferno 4), the Circle of the Gluttons (Inferno 6), The Centaurs and the River of Blood (Inferno 12), Dante and Virgil emerging from Hell (Purgatory 1), The Angelic Boat wafting over the Souls for Purgation (Purgatory 2), Beatrice in her Car (Purgatory 19). Before drawings such as these I have no fear of overpraising. The Circle of the Gluttons, for instance. At a glance one would say an indeterminate scumble of wash. But look at it longer and see how firm a hold Blake had. For all his seeming reckless use of wash, that renders so perfectly the rain-sodden desolation of the place, there is nothing muddy in his mind. Every tone is balanced and controlled, every line firm. And not only firm but expansive. Beneath the mud the place has vastness.

For a contrast the three Purgatory drawings.

"Thence issuing we beheld the stars."

Never was line—it is the closing line of the Inferno—more terse, yet full of significance. And Blake has rendered it with a like simplicity. Still upon their knees—half climbing, half crawling they have made their way painfully out of that "vaulted tomb" of Hell—they look now upon the sun in an almost childish amaze. With the second, the Angelic Boat, Blake's task is even more difficult, for in its description Dante rises to tremendous heights.

"Down, down; bend low

Thy knees; behold God's angel; fold thy bands. . . ."

It is an evocation of angelic light and swiftness that only an Angelico or a Botticelli, surely, would attempt. Yet Blake is bold and his angel too, I think, arrives to the music of Dante's line:

Trattando l'aere con l'eterna penna.

Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes.

Of the last I am almost afraid to speak. But read and read again the last four cantos of the Purgatorio, which describe the arrival of Dante at the river of Lethe and how he was led by Matilda to meet Beatrice, where she came, veiled and under a shower of roses, in her Gryphon-drawn car, the seven virgins with the seven candlesticks before, three nymphs to right, four to her left, dancing, and behind the Four and Twenty Elders. Read these, and then, if the Blake content not wholly, you will know the cause.



PURGATORY: CANTO XXIX

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

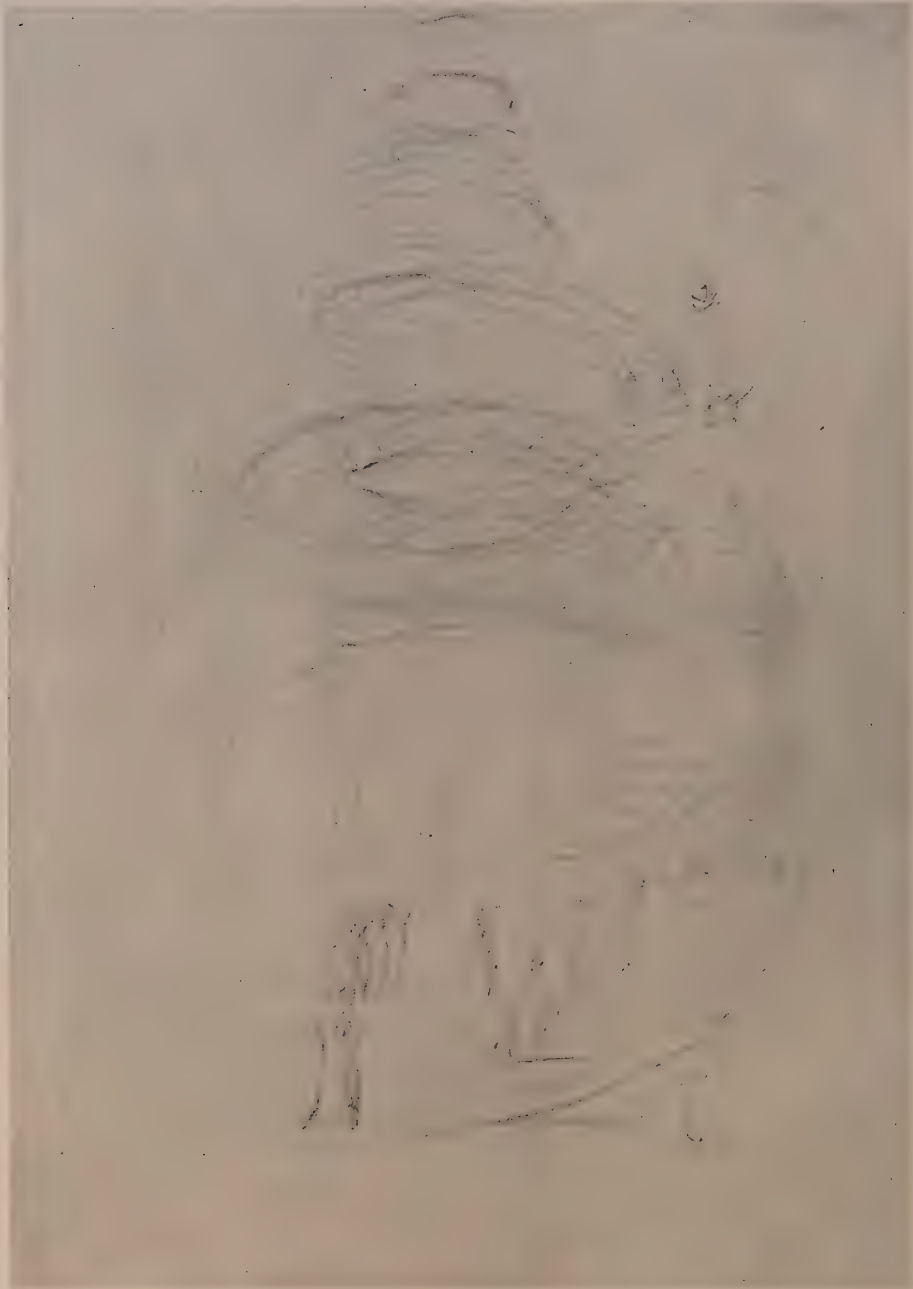
*"Whenas the car was o'er against me, straight
Was heard a thundering, at whose voice it seemed
The chosen multitude were stayed; . . ."*

When one leaves the sketches for the more elaborate drawings, magnificent as many of these are, one can not but feel that something is lacking, or perhaps has gotten buried in the process of elaboration. Of the Mission of Virgil I have already spoken. But take that other tremendous composition, the Souls mustering to cross the Acheron (Inferno 3). So impressive is it in scale that one would say it had been composed to fill the wall of a great chapel. And yet it is not wholly successful. Some of the parts are not related, or if they are it is by a strained, almost baroque gesture. Why? Why, when Blake succeeds so marvelously elsewhere, does he fail here, where the difficulty is almost purely one of execution? One reason I have already suggested—that this is but an intermediate step. The faults in this he will correct in his engraving. But that does not explain why the water-color, when it is carried to the point that this is carried, so often contains such faults. The explanation lies, I think, in Blake's relation to the men, whom, in painting, was proud to call his masters.

Blake was very conscious that he, eighteenth-century Englishman that he was, was the last of

the great line of Italian painters, the lineal descendant of Raphael and Michelangelo; with these he classed, curiously enough, Giulio Romano. Separated by two centuries from the only artists to whom he would do homage, and still more by the fact that, since he had never set foot out of England, he knew of their major works only by hearsay, this desire to continue their tradition was a continual brake on his own genius. Someone has said that Blake was the only artist strong enough to master the Michelangelesque canon. The statement leaves out of account the fact that to Michelangelo the Michelangelesque was not a canon. Nor are all of Blake's works, which seem, by reason of the amplitude and expressiveness of their form, to challenge comparison with Michelangelo, Michelangelesque. Blake would have drawn like that had he never heard of Michelangelo. Indeed, for a great part of his life he paid very little attention to what others had done or not done and it was only the constant reproach that he could conceive and not execute which drove him to defend himself by referring his detractors to the work of his master.

So it came about that while his first pencil



PARADISE: CANTOS XVIII, XIX

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

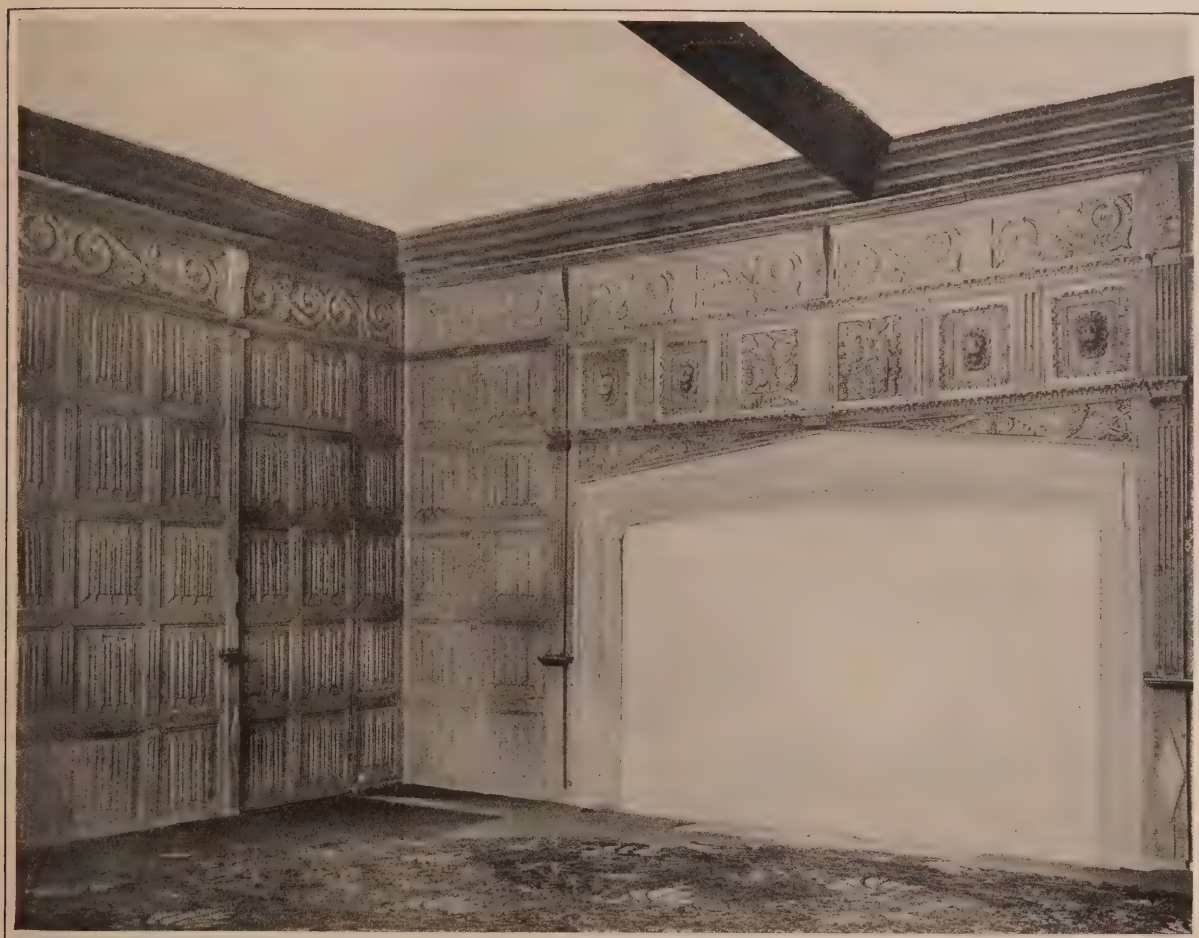
*" . . . I e'en thus perceived,
Of my ascent, together with the heaven,
The circuit widened; noting the increase
Of beauty in that wonder. Like the change
In a brief moment on some maiden's cheek"*

drawings are most sensitive and unconstrained, so soon as he gets brush in hand he is self-conscious. Tags of Michelangelo's compositions haunt him. He exaggerates gestures, over-develops the muscles of his figures, until balance is lost. Never having seen a great fresco, the word comes to haunt him, so that he fancies he is decorating a great wall and crowds his narrow paper with figures. Happily, with the transference to copper,

sanity and his own craftsmanship reassert themselves. Graver in hand, he can snap his fingers at them all.

Where Blake failed, it was not because he knew too little, but because he had seen too much.

Pah! I speak of failure. Show me another, since the Italians, who, in his own field, and theirs, can stand up against him.



LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY STONE FIREPLACE, KENT, ENGLAND

A FRAME FOR THE FIRE

MAN IS DISTINGUISHED from the other animals by the fires he builds. In some day forgotten in the onward roll of milleniums a dry stump smouldered, flamed. And

when other creatures fled one stayed. The flame became his symbol; this was the sun, from which came life, come to earth and around and of this heavenly fire he built his gods.

They were cruel gods; gods of wrath. For of all the mysterious forces which surrounded him fire, the greatest of them all, was the most destructive. But as the altar became part of the home as well as of the community kindler, homelier attributes attached themselves to the flame until at last the hearth, shorn of its religious significance, became the center of hospitality and good cheer. The legends of the domestic fire and fireplace are a part of the culture of all races and, coupled with the atavistic lure of fire, the strongest of instincts,

The fireplace, no longer generally needed for heat, has become the modern altar to the household gods

ROBERT FISHER

they make domestic happiness and comfort almost impossible without a spark from the ancient altars. Steam or hot water will not do. They keep us warm but we must also see the

blaze. For most of us the day has passed when the fireplace is a utilitarian necessity, but with that passing it is possible that the fireplace has gained rather than lost appeal for there is no denying the fact that as a heater the open fire is far from satisfactory. One eighteenth-century writer, describing fireplaces and their "cure," attributed many of the ailments from which Londoners suffered to the "ill heat afforded by many fireplaces whereby one is at once scorched before and chilled behind" although, "modern domiciles are so well constructed as to doors and windows that when these are shut the wind has small opportunity to enter thereby." And, although our own "modern domiciles" are even better arranged for



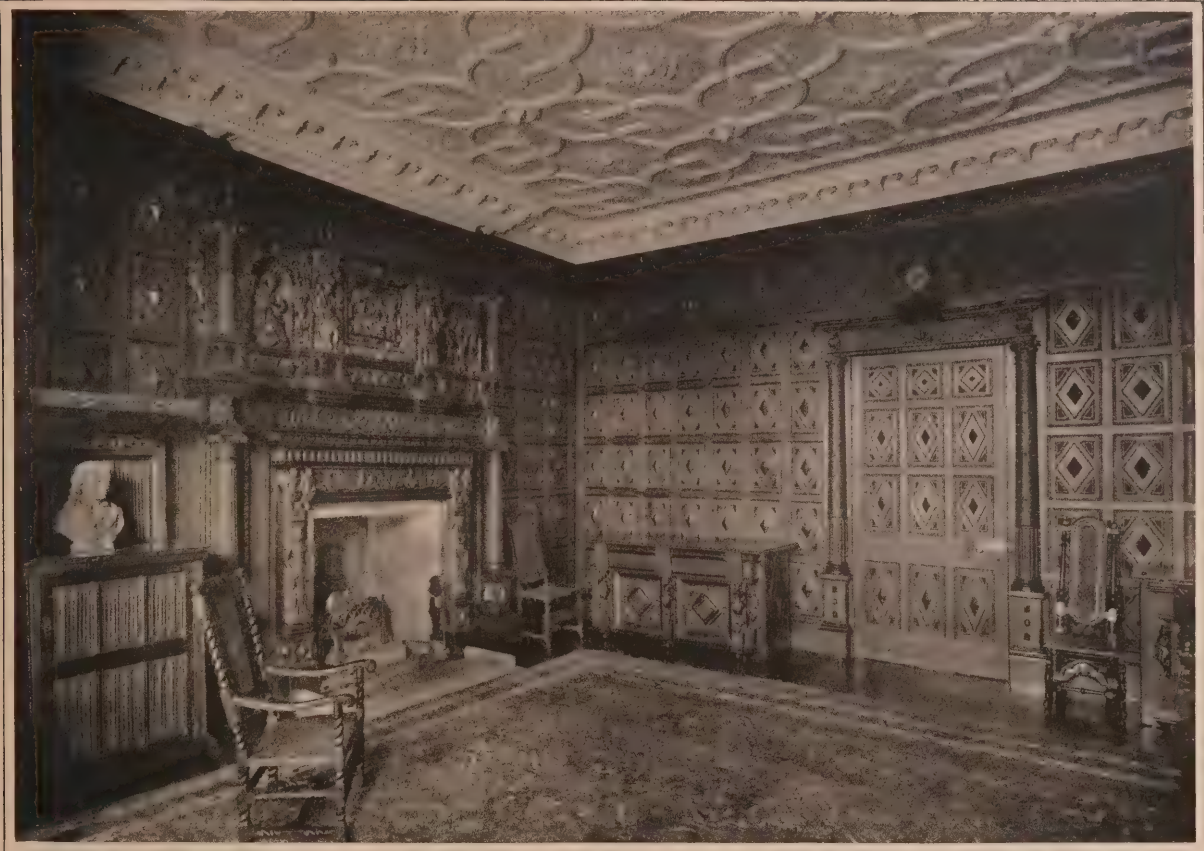
DETAIL OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED OAK CHIMNEY PIECE

the exclusion of draughts, many of the practical disadvantages of the fireplace are inherent. And so fireplaces were sometimes blocked up to make way for stoves; then we luxuriated in that often empty boast of the small French hotels *chauffage centrale*; then steam and hot water. But, though it is no longer needed to keep us warm one of the few things which almost everyone who rents or builds insists upon is a fireplace. It is again the family altar, the center of the home. In the face of an intricate and complicated civilization which has made servants of the fiercest elements, the fire burns as it did for our caveman ancestors' forgotten parents, unchanged. And with it come dim memories.

Since the fireplace has become with us a thing of tradition rather than use we have a bond of interest with the builders of earlier days. Spits and cranes are delightful when we do not have to depend on them for the roast; and while it is amusing sometimes to brew tea with water from the pot on the crane it is enjoyable in large part because we do not have to do it that way.

The earliest English fireplaces were developed as an improvement over the ancient custom which

prevailed in the keeps built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The keeps were of stone with walls so thick that small rooms and stairs were contained in them and were several stories high with one great room on each floor. The narrow slits which served for windows were unglazed, a custom which prevailed for many years, and the fires were usually built on the stone floor without benefit of chimney. Following the Norman conquest the fires were built against the wall with a hood, from which a flue led out-of-doors, above. Few of these old hoods remain although their architectural form has been frequently used for the chimney pieces of great halls. From these was developed the fireplace as we know it today, an opening cut into the wall with a chimney leading to the roof. At first they were built of stone and were little more than rectangular holes in the wall. With the coming of the Gothic influence to England the characteristic low, pointed arch framed the fireplace and the use of carving, both in the arch and in the chimneypiece above began. The first chimneypieces were probably of stone, but oak lent itself more readily to the decorative scheme of the paneled rooms and for that reason



ELABORATELY CARVED SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FIREPLACE IN A PANELED ROOM

and because it was more available and more easily worked it was generally used.

The Tudor chimneypieces were elaborately carved, divided into panels which were separated by carved figures of men or women or of allegorical beasts and the panels themselves were arched and decorated with carved heraldic or pictorial motives. Many of them carried, in addition to the arms of the householder, the date of building and homely mottoes cut into the strapwork with which the carving was elaborated. These chimneypieces usually extended from floor to ceiling and often carried brackets or columns which, though they gave every appearance of great strength, really supported nothing. The weight and strength of the decorative features was, however, perfectly in keeping with the oak paneling with which the walls were covered.

When papered or plaster walls came into vogue these chimneypieces were too heavy for the rooms and, although at first massive structures were still raised and an attempt made to tie them in with the room by a dado, the revival of classicism, fostered by Sir Christopher Wren and other architects, brought into existence a modified and simplified form. Then, too, the use of coals in a grate which began at the close of Elizabeth's reign, made the huge fireplace with its opening designed to

take large logs no longer necessary. Many of the older fireplaces were filled in to accommodate the grates and when new ones were built their scale was reduced to fit the smaller opening.

The great cabinetmakers of the eighteenth century, and particularly those remarkable designers the brothers Adam, still further refined chimney- and mantelpiece design. Several splendid mantels were carved by Grinling Gibbons and many more were inspired by his work. It was these, some of which were imported to America, which furnished our own Colonial builders with the models for the beautiful fireplaces found in so many eighteenth-century houses.

The history of the fireplace in America is, in reality, a condensed version of the English. The earliest ones were built to meet conditions in dwellings which were almost as primitive as the ancient keeps. Whether for cooking or heat wood was often the only available fuel and, though the rooms to be heated were smaller, the cold was much more severe so that a return to the huge fireplaces of pre-Jacobean England was necessary. Other and artificial conditions such as taxes on dwellings according to the number of chimneys were responsible for the huge square chimneys with enormous fireplaces to be found in parts of New England. As the settlements developed into



DRAWING OF A FIREPLACE IN AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN HOUSE

cities, with the increase of convenience and availability of coal, the change from the large fireplace to the smaller, more delicate Georgian was quickly made. The large fireplace, however, never went entirely out of fashion, for wood was plentiful and easily obtained. The details of the Georgian style were modified and increased in scale to make splendid mantels framing wide fireplaces.

There are many differences between the Colonial architecture of the northern and southern states. In the north, and particularly New Eng-

land, there was a greater austerity in design and classic forms of the greatest refinement prevailed. The bolder Jacobean style left a strong imprint on the southern builders and their great houses were more closely allied to the ancient English manors.

So, whether a room be Tudor or American Colonial, large or small, there is a fireplace hallowed with a wealth of association to fitly complete it; a setting for the altar fires of our household gods.



BALUSTRADE IN BRONZE AND IRON

BY EDGAR BRANDT

BRANDT, *Master* IRONWORKER

IT IS TOLD of a teacher of pantomime that she once asked her pupils to throw themselves on the floor and "be chaos." A similar command must have been given the decorative arts some

years ago, for certainly a more chaotic state than these got themselves into it would be difficult to imagine. The great art which underlay much of even the most extreme painting and sculpture was completely lost sight of in decoration; the mannerisms and techniques only of the *fauves* became sources of inspiration and decorators and craftsmen gave birth to a misshapen homunculus which paraded its inadequacies under the title of *art nouveau*. Like many of the "Heights" in Long Island whose distinction from the surrounding plain lies in not being a hollow the name was probably chosen because the product had nothing to do with art and was not new. It was a different form of bad work from that of the worst Victorian and is as dead as the antimacassar.

The movement in art of which this unfortunate style was a degraded camp follower was, however,

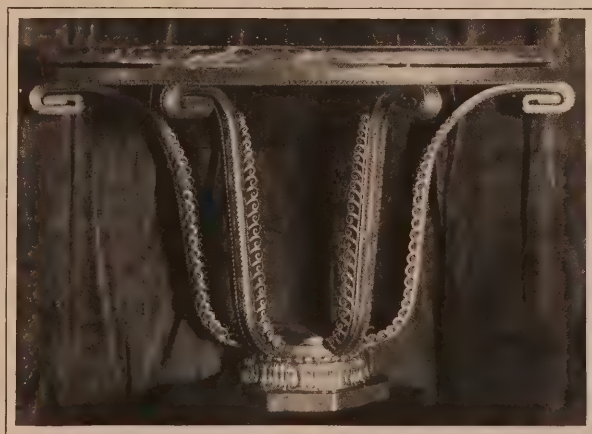
A great French craftsman whose productions are perfectly suited to the modern architectural forms

PAUL EISENBREY

which had been set up in days when the complexities and speed of modern life were undreamed of. And artists, sensible of the spirit of the new age, were not content to work with the old moulds. So, being passionate men, they shattered them. But it was for an art expressive of the time, not

a natural development and, largely because of its very violence, an influence for good. It came about as the result of a strong reaction to the atrophied standards of academicism, a standard

for something new and strange to attract a jaded eye, which they sought. And though that seeking often led them far afield, into realms which to the lay mind seemed to have little relation to art, we are just beginning to realize the extent and importance of their discoveries. Most valuable of all they made us see that art is not a matter of



IRON CONSOLE

BY EDGAR BRANDT

formulae and that the value of tradition lies in its use rather than in blind submission. An apostle must always overstate; he must shout his message to be heard above the roar of contemporary life.

Modernism has broadened our horizons. Some



FIRE SCREEN, "DEER"

BY EDGAR BRANDT

of its exponents claimed the Byzantines as their masters and we had, therefore, to learn of these. To many it must have come as a revelation that those ancient frescoes and mosaics were something more than old, that what to the casual modern eye seemed stiff became filled with moving forces on longer acquaintance. Others extolled the beauty of the arts of primitive races and again our knowledge of esthetic possibilities was increased. And some of us got angry and turned to the old masters

for thunder with which to refute the arguments of these "crazy men." To our great benefit. For the more we know of art, art, that is, as distinct from history and pictures, the more we realize that old master and modern *fauve* were each saying the same thing although in different languages. It is no more ridiculous for one who knows only English to say that *je suis* has no meaning than for one who knows only the Barbizon school and its derivatives to say that a Cézanne is not art.



FIRE SCREEN, "FOUNTAIN"

BY EDGAR BRANDT

In the decorative arts the need of a new approach is more obvious in connection with architecture than in any other field. For of all the arts the architecture of the present day is farthest removed from the traditional forms. The traditions of building are linked with stone and wood and this is an age of steel. True, we have only begun to express the new material. The tradition of stone—strength represented by bulk—is still so

strongly fixed that the slender construction made possible by steel still impresses us as too light for great edifices. But one has only to look about to see that that feeling is passing; on every hand are buildings with façades so shallow that, were the structures of stone, they would topple with the first wind.

With this change in architectural forms, made within the last few years, a need for details which



FIRE SCREEN, "FRUIT"

BY EDGAR BRANDT

shall be appropriate to modern structures has arisen. The old ornament, designed to embellish stone construction, must be modified. None of the traditional forms of ornament, by reason of their very tradition, is directly applicable and attempts to use them have always resulted in at least partial failure. The truth of this is best illustrated by a comparison between the Woolworth Tower and the Shelton Hotel, both in New York. In the former, beautiful as it is, the Gothic ornament seems out of scale and unrelated to the structural form, like a beautiful but unessential frosting. In the Shelton, however, where the ornament has been derived and adapted from many sources, it is an integral part of the architectural scheme.

This need for a new spirit in design extends to the accessories as well as to the elements of modern buildings. But it is not enough that it be merely new. The cabinetmaker and the ironworker must, like the architect, be men well grounded in tradition, with a keen appreciation of the beauty of all that has gone before and they must also be sensitive to contemporary conditions. The distinction between what is suitable and what

is not is extremely subtle and often does not depend upon beauty alone. A Renaissance screen, for example, no matter how fine in itself, would be out of place in a modern office building, yet one which would be perfectly fitting might vary from it only slightly. Hence the need for an artist and for one with a background.

America has long known the work of those two great craftsmen in iron, Samuel Yellin and Oscar Bach. We have heard and seen little of Edgar Brandt and yet in Europe he is regarded as the foremost ironworker of the age. He is the creator of the great iron doors of the Verdun Monument; the receptacle for the eternal flame at the tomb of the unknown soldier in Paris; the new balustrade for the grand stairway in the Louvre; the stairway and lamps of the Palais de Justice. The *Theatre Municipal* of Nancy, the *Grands Magasins du Printemps*, the Church of St. François de Sales at Paris and many other important French buildings have been adorned by his work.

He represents the highest type of artist-craftsman. Well versed in tradition with the gift of interpreting the older forms in the modern spirit, he has at the same time the skill to carry his



FIRE SCREEN, "VINE"

BY EDGAR BRANDT

dreams to beautiful completion. His iron is never cold. There is a color and lustre to it which recalls the work of the ancient armorers who inlaid steel with gold and bronze. Brandt, too, combines the metals. One of his screens seen from a distance glows with warm, rich color. You wonder whether the artist has painted his metal and you hope not. Closer inspection reveals bits of bronze, some burnished, some left dull, welded into the iron and hammered with it. So that the color is not transient as gilding, paint or enamel might be, but is a component part of the screen which will increase in beauty with the passage of time.

Brandt sometimes uses bronze alone for the

details of his iron screens and balustrades as in the door, "Les Cigones," illustrated here. In these doors the figures of the birds are of a golden bronze which adds rare beauty to the whole design. For another work, "The Gate of the Ages," in which the motive of the design was afforded by the mechanism of a clock, he has created a series of beautiful figures in bronze symbolic of childhood, youth and age. These figures, modeled in low relief, leave no question as to his rank as an artist, and supply ample reason for the appellation of "the Benvenuto Cellini of the twentieth century" given him by a French critic.

Unfortunately, owing to the difficulties of



BRONZE AND IRON DOOR, "LES CIGONES"

BY EDGAR BRANDT

transportation, only a few of his works and those for the most part small were included in his recent exhibition in New York at Cheney Brothers. But these were so fine that the impression which they made could hardly have been increased by a much larger showing. Here was a man, you felt, who was a master and therefore unlimited; that, no matter what his problem, the smallest detail as well as the most monumental design would be perfectly executed.

Because he is primarily an artist and a craftsman Brandt long delayed exhibiting in America. This, he understood, was the land of quantity

production, where speed was an essential element of all our work. And, although he himself uses the most modern methods, he feared that we would demand works of art turned out like Fords. Not that he had any intention of changing his methods or of lowering his standard of craftsmanship, but simply that, like all artists, he preferred to create for those of whose quick appreciation he was sure. And it is no small credit to America that the commissions he has received have been given in the spirit in which Brandt creates, that of a search for beauty perfectly expressed in modern terms.

ART *and* OTHER THINGS By GUY EGLINGTON

AS WE GO to press—one must observe the proper form in these matters—the burning question of Earl Carroll’s nudes has not been settled. Are they or are they not artistic? Mr. Carroll asserts that they are, and calls Mr. Howard Chandler Christy—to say nothing of the artist himself—as experts. The police has no opinions on the subject, but observing that they portray members of the cast of Mr. Carroll’s entertainment in a state of complete undress, has had them removed for safety’s sake to the police station, where their unadorned loveliness is free to corrupt—if it can—the Force. Meanwhile Mr. Carroll, following the illustrious example of Dr. John Donne, sometime Dean of St. Paul’s, declares himself, not Love’s but Art’s Martyr.

On the off—exceedingly off—chance that I should be called in as expert for the prosecution, I have been rehearsing my evidence. One ought to be ready for all emergencies. Supposing that the right questions are asked, the following will probably be my answers:

After the usual formalities, name, address, age, where born; father’s address, age, where born; other relatives, age, address, where born; whether American citizen, married, single or polygamous, views on the constitution, views on the Eighteenth Amendment, views on the K. K. K., oaths, etc.

Counsel for the Prosecution (is that what you call him?): You are an expert on art? (Here the editor will whisper INTERNATIONAL STUDIO to the judge, who will then overrule the protests of Mr. Christy.)

C. P. You have seen the pictures in question?

Witness. I have. (This is not true, but in such a case one would doubtless have to, for form’s sake.)

C. P. As an expert, would you say that they are artistic?

W. That depends on whether you give the word *artistic* its strictly grammatical or everyday sense.

C. P. Is there any difference?

W. A very great difference. Grammatically the word *artistic* is the adjective of the word art. Actually a thing may be *artistic* and have no connection whatever with art.

C. P. Explain yourself.

W. The word *artistic*, as it is commonly used, has to do with a vague thing called taste, which again is largely controlled by fashion. Sixty years ago, it was artistic to have your drawing room

littered with Dresden china shepherdesses. Thirty years later, the golden age of William Morris, the artistic thing was sweet simplicity, flowered wall-papers and willow-pattern plates. Today, the acme of the artistic is to have nothing at all in the way of decoration, except perhaps one Persian prayer mat. So far from having any connection with art, one could search the most artistic homes in New York City and never find one work of art. The finest are indeed so perfectly artistic that the introduction of a single work of art would ruin them.

C. P. Kindly explain just how.

W. To put it briefly, the *artistic* is always static, whereas art is essentially dynamic. In other words, the artistic is concerned with the arranging of discreet shapes and colors according to a chart which taste, that is to say fashion, has drawn up for the guidance of refined people. Now you will observe that the great point about this chart is that it guarantees the non-inflammability of any shape or color combination that may be constructed thereon. A lady decorating her home can employ this chart in the calm assurance that however boldly she may mix her colors, she is in no danger of creating—pardon my loose phraseology, concocting—an explosive atmosphere, or one which might in any way disturb the complacency of her acquaintance. Art on the other hand is so far from discretion and refinement that it draws its power from this very explosiveness which it is the aim of every artistic person to avoid. Instead of choosing his colors from a chart guaranteed non-inflammable, the artist, reckless fellow, takes delight in harnessing the most violent teams. It is his job as artist, so to control these antagonistic forces that out of their very antagonism a third and more potent force may spring.

Judge. I must ask you to refrain from attempting to mystify the Court by using art jargon. Unless you can so express yourself as to be comprehensible to the layman, your evidence can not be taken. Can you explain to the Court how two antagonistic forces can produce anything but chaos?

W. Most certainly. And were the proposition a scientific rather than an esthetic one, the lay mind would have no difficulty in grasping it. Thus I, despite profound ignorance of engineering, have no difficulty whatever in accepting the fact that an automobile is propelled by the force generated by a series of explosions in its cylinders, which, as I take it, is a parallel phenomenon. So far from

the conflict of antagonistic forces resulting always in chaos, it were an easy matter to show that all methods of propulsion, all *life* in fact, is derived from forces generated by such conflicts. Only it must be remembered that these forces, if they are to be put to productive ends—the opposite, I take it, of what Your Honor means by chaos—must be controlled and directed. In the material sphere this direction is the task of the scientist, and, under him, the engineer. In the non-material—if one may cling to an obsolete distinction—of the artist. Your Honor will remember that Havelock Ellis—

J. This is doubtless most enlightening, but I must insist that the witness be brought to the point.

C. P. Certainly, Your Honor. Now, accepting the distinction you draw between the strictly grammatical sense of the word *artistic* and its use in everyday conversation, will you please tell the Court whether in your judgment the word in either of its meanings could be applied to the pictures exhibited in the defendant's theatre?

W. Perhaps I may be permitted to answer the two questions—they are in fact two—separately. The defendant maintains that the pictures are artistic. Taking the word first at its face value, the question may be put more exactly as follows: Do the pictures conform to the current standard of good taste, or rather that branch of good taste commonly known as the artistic, which obtains in the field of nude painting? And here I am at once up against a problem. As I have more than hinted, the artistic is, in America at least, an exclusive perquisite of the feminine sex. It is a faculty with which, it seems, every woman is born—and no men, unless we except M. Paul Poiret, M. Erté, Baron de Meyer and a few other eccentric Frenchmen. Certainly I never before heard an American-born man dare to make such a claim either for himself or for his work, and in a court of women it would receive, I am sure, scant consideration. Of the truth of this Your Honor, as a married man—

J. I must insist that the witness draw his examples from his own experience.

W. Willingly. An excellent instance comes to mind in a mixed luncheon club to which I once belonged, in which a five-cent fine imposed on the use of the word *artistic* kept the entire club in cigarettes. I assure the Court that the women members were the only offenders. In view of this fact I should certainly plead non-competence, did I not see a loophole of escape. Without being so bold as to usurp a feminine prerogative, I think I can confidently assert that a nude painting is debarred

from being artistic by the very fact of its nudity. The thing went out of fashion with the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. The disappearance or shall we say fading from public view—of the saloon killed it. So long as competition was fierce, the sight of a fine Bouguereau was thought to stimulate thirst. Now, with the present boom in that commodity, such adventitious aids are unnecessary and the most flourishing saloons find that a row of shapely bottles answers the purpose admirably. Mr. Carroll finds himself thus in the position of a man reviving an ancient and honorable craft. Certainly his pictures are in the best tradition. As to whether the aim of that tradition was the *artistic* I venture no opinion.

Counsel for the Defence. On behalf of my client I must protest. Mr. Carroll's pictures are the work of a great artist, and not to be classed with saloon pictures.

W. Pardon, I had no idea that the implied comparison with M. Bouguereau could be taken as anything but a compliment. I chose to speak of saloons because the only case I know of nudes being introduced into a refined American home ended in a lamentable tragedy. A young painter—

J. Is this story relevant?

W. Most, Your Honor. As I was saying, a society lady commissioned a young and promising painter to decorate her home with murals. The painter, who had been trained in the Paris *Beaux Arts*, followed naturally the French tradition, to the great consternation of the good man of the house, who had been accustomed to associate the undraped with the—er—shady side of life. However, on his wife's assurance that the artist was received in the best society, he reluctantly gave in and tolerated, though he could not bring himself to approve, the decorations. Until one day, chancing to enter his wife's private bathroom, he found one entire wall decorated with a life-size Birth of Venus—the traditional composition will no doubt be familiar to Your Honor. The good man was by now so inured to shocks of this kind that the presence of another naked female in the house—the phrase is not mine—would not have troubled him greatly had not the Venus born a striking resemblance to his wife, a resemblance which I may say precluded—but perhaps I had better not finish that story.

J. I think not.

W. Your Honor is right. The ending is altogether too sad. But it bears out, as Your Honor will see, my point, that these pictures can hardly be considered artistic, there being no artistic canon to judge them by.

C. D. I must protest against this hairsplitting. When my client claimed that these pictures were artistic, he meant quite simply that they were works of art.

W. Then he should have said so and shamed the devil. He would none the less have been mistaken. (Violent protests from the experts for the defence.) I beg their distinguished author to believe that this is a much less severe criticism than he imagines. Works of art are, even in these enlightened and progressive days, comparative rarities. They are in fact not much more common than they were, shall we say, in the days of Giotto. For the most part, when we speak of works of art, we refer less to their absolute value than, in a more or less complimentary sense, to their intention. We imply thereby that the painter has attempted to get under the skin of his subject, to render not only its surface but its inner mechanism, in a word, to cast his work along the same lines and endow it with the same quality of life.

C. D. May I observe, Your Honor, that the witness' testimony on this point is a strong refutation of the case for the Prosecution. The police's objection to these pictures is precisely that they are too lifelike.

W. An excellent objection, Your Honor, and one which does infinite credit to the Force's profound esthetic sense. Art has to do with life, not with the lifelike. If it were otherwise, the waxworks were our greatest sculpture, an opinion which not even the Defense would, I believe, indorse. And yet they are in point of fact basing their plea on what one might term a waxwork esthetic.

J. Can you explain to the Court in what way a waxwork differs from a work of art?

W. As an eunuch, if I may be permitted a homely comparison, from a man. A perfect waxwork of a dancer, for example, looks very like a dancer, but it can't dance. Nor, you will say, can a work of art. I differ. A Fra Angelico Paradise is made up of hundreds of dancing angels, who not only dance, but the whole of heaven dances with them. Or Botticelli—why, the incomparable Pavlowa herself would give her immortal soul if for one hour she could approach the grace and swiftness of an Announcing Angel. Even in our own day, Degas. . . .

I am astonished, Your Honor, that the dancers themselves did not protest against these pictures, but seem on the contrary to wish to defend them. For they are a very travesty of the dancer's art. The life of a dancer is a life of long study, of hard and continued practice. The dancer's body must

be continually fit, the muscles resilient. But these pictures show an exterior of face powder and lipstick, and an interior of ice-cream—

(Here the entire chorus of *Vanities* will begin to pelt the witness with vanity boxes, lip-sticks and Sherry's candy. The court will adjourn in an uproar.)

By way of compensation Putnam's have sent me Rockwell Kent's new book, *Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan*. To my mind it is a somewhat less thrilling narrative than its predecessor, *Wilderness*, but my judgment may be impaired by the fact that I resorted to it for relief from the strain of day-long battles with Dante. Certainly, after the latter's breath-taking frankness, Kent's reserve—I put it mildly—is exceedingly exasperating. I laid the book down with the firm conviction that though the facts of his voyage as he relates them are doubtless accurate so far as they go, the truth, the *whole truth*, of what took place during the considerable period that he was not voyaging has not been told.

I am not at all clear just what was the distance that Kent covered. His maps are, it is true, provided with lines of latitude and longitude, but since the use of the globes was not included in the Shrewsbury curriculum, these mean nothing to me. It may have been fifty miles, it may have been five hundred. But one thing is clear. The entire adventure—Punta Arenas to The Horn and back—lasted in the neighborhood of eight months, from May to January. The number of days spent in actual sailing is less easily computed, but I should place the maximum at fourteen.

Now the days of actual sailing are fairly fully described. We know, for example, that the *Kathleen I*, despite her baptism of mock champagne, nearly sank the first day out. We also know that the mate, when struck by a squall, "kept her off," with almost fatal results. But what happened the rest of the time? True, it is recorded that the mate got riotously drunk twice. That Kent visited the barber—once. That he paid his respects to the acting governor of Tierra del Fuego. Christened two boats and one baby—the latter a half-breed. Concocted a violent punch, see recipe page 149. And for the rest carried out to perfection the Napoleonic maxim, "live on the country." But, my dear Kent, is that all? In eight months of adventure—all? Why, stay-at-home bug that I am, Third Avenue provides me with more excitement than that in a week.

Or—terrible thought—have your adventures been expurgated? If so revenge yourself now on the prudes.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

THE NATURE, PRACTICE AND HISTORY OF ART. By *H. Van Buren Magonigle*. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$2.50.

THE APPRECIATION OF ART. By *Eugen Neuhaus*. Ginn & Co., Boston. Price, \$3.

HERE ARE two books of similar intent, one written in New York, the other in California. Mention is made of the locality of their authorship only to indicate the widespread recognition of the need of the enjoyment of art, which, after all, is something to be fostered by knowledge; individuals are not so lavishly endowed with the esthetic sense as with that of sight or touch. Mr. Magonigle is one of our foremost architects, a former president of the Architectural League of New York, and it was during his tenure of that office that one of the heads of a school of design expressed to him a regret that young men and women in high school and college were growing up without realizing the source of pleasure that comes through contact with art. It was in consideration of this idea that the book was begun and he has been careful never to write above the grasp of the mind that is at the threshold of the history and significance of art, although those to whom the subject is not new will enjoy the expression of so trained a taste as Mr. Magonigle's. He divides his book into two parts, the first treating of the technique of architecture, sculpture, painting and the graphic arts, and the second presenting an analysis of classic and Renaissance art, bringing his subject up through the Impressionists.

An interesting part of the book consists of four maps which form the lining papers in the front and back of the book in which the currents of influence in the Greek world, the Roman world, the Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic and Mohammedan styles and the Renaissance period are presented in diagram.

Dr. Neuhaus, who is associate professor of art in the University of California, has less to say of technical processes than Mr. Magonigle although in one chapter he does discuss the technical aspects of the art of different periods, but only as they may be apprehended by the layman. He does not pretend to write a history of art and does not make a chronological order the starting point of his discussion. There are plenty of books stressing the "who, where and when," he says; it is his wish to consider the "why and how." He regrets the stigma attached to the words "esthete" and "esthetic" which after all express their meaning vividly and completely.

It is that phase of esthetics which consists of a "critical objective examination of works of art in an effort to discover the qualities that constitute beauty and cause pleasurable feelings" which is the subject of his attention. He does not, however, sail too high into the region of the abstract to consider such subjects of practical interest as that of art patronage in America, which he finds to be in the hands of private individuals who as a group are comparatively small but are nevertheless able to furnish the financial support for our more than five thousand artists. American artists, he says, are so firmly entrenched in public estimation that they are not suffering from the increasing immigration since the war of European artists who are in search of the economic support which is lacking at home.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. By *Rodolfo Lanciani*. Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, \$7.50.

AFTER a half century of most concentrated research among the archeological treasures of Rome, Professor Lanciani stands fully qualified to write authoritatively of ancient Roman churches, the subject of his latest volume on the Eternal City. The study of Roman churches, considered from almost any angle, is a difficult one owing to the vast amount of material at hand. Even at the present time there are as many edifices of worship in the Italian capital as there are days in the year. Therefore Professor Lanciani has wisely kept his present investigations within strictly defined limits.

The volume is composed of six chapters. The first deals with the fate of pagan temples and of their artistic treasures after the promulgation of the Edict of Milan in A. D. 313; the second and third with the basilicas raised by Constantine over the graves of the Apostles Peter and Paul; the fourth and fifth with the Church of the Saviour at the Lateran and its appendage, the Hierusalem; the sixth with the minor Constantinian basilicas of Saint Agnes and Saint Lawrence. The vast storehouse of notes made during Professor Lanciani's long labors in this field is the basis of these observations on ancient matters and so the volume preserves a fresh and personal viewpoint which commends it to a larger circle of readers than might be the case were the facts delivered statistically and without enthusiasm. The volume is handsomely printed and profusely illustrated.

THE PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE. By *C. and A. Williams-Ellis*. Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, \$3.50.

IT IS STILL the fashion to take a crack at the Victorian era. Few, indeed, are the products of that distressing time which have not come in for scathing criticism until it seems as if the subject must be well-nigh exhausted. And it is probable that no book or treatise which confined itself to destructive criticism of that age would find a large audience.

When, however, the faults of our immediate ancestors are as wittily pointed out as in this book the rehearsal of their shortcomings becomes pleasurable reading. And the authors have that to say about Ruskin which makes it a matter of regret that the sturdy defender of the "natural" in art is unable to unloose his thunder in reply. Ruskin would not like the authors of this book. They are too civilized. But they are much more of our age than he and bring a saner message.

For only a small portion of the volume is devoted to the Victorians. The ground once cleared the authors erect a study of modern architecture in England, tracing its foundations and its present trend. And although written of England the book is quite as applicable to America. Our interest in architecture is growing and for the lay reader as well as for the architect this book will prove an informative and entertaining guide.

SMALL FAMILY HOUSES. By R. Randal Phillips. "Country Life," Ltd., London. Price, \$3.75.

A TIMELY volume on small scale housing comes from the pen of R. Randal Phillips, editor of *Homes and Gardens*. Not only in England but throughout the world the tendency toward smaller and simpler living quarters is one of the marked results of the changed economic conditions brought about by the Great War. While the present volume presents the problem of the small family house in terms that are best understood by British homemakers, there are hints and practical suggestions for anyone embarking on so important an enterprise.

The small house is taken up by Mr. Phillips in a variety of lights, with particular reference to the practical requirements of cost and materials. Some three dozen houses located in various parts of England and Wales have been chosen for discussion and analysis, and have been put in six classes according to estimated building costs. The first class includes dwellings estimated to cost from £1,000 to £1,250, and the most expensive run up to £3,000. This volume is profusely illustrated with exterior and interior views, touching upon such items as mantels, kitchen furnishings, garden layouts, etc., as well as the more architectural considerations of mass and general style of design. The houses chosen for examination range from the thatched roof type to the half-timbered, from the modern concrete and plastered structure to the older brick and stone mansions. Simplicity and good taste mark these examples of modern British architecture, and the volume should serve as a most useful guide to prospective builders.

THE MANORS AND HISTORIC HOMES OF THE HUDSON VALLEY. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$10.

HISTORY which concerns itself only with great names, wars and politics is often a cold subject, but when the record concerns houses which we pass along the road and those who built them it at once becomes alive. With their homes before you the patroons and governors of early New York seem no longer shades who did various things on certain dates for the sole purpose, apparently, of making life harder for the schoolboy. And so this book, which is primarily a history of New York State before and during the Revolution, is a fascinating story whose characters are as real as the houses they left behind.

It is far from being all history, however. Mr. Eberlein has too great an interest in architecture to permit that. These were simple houses, however, of which he writes, and the numerous illustrations are adequate to furnish the greater part of the architectural criticism. And where the original house has been disfigured by Victorian "improvements" Mr. Eberlein wastes no time and no words in disposing of them and in recreating the house in its pristine form. "Silly gables burst forth above, where gables did not belong and could do no real good. Sillier barge-boards, fretted with jig-saw contortions and begotten of a besotted imagination. . . ."

It is an intimate history. Schuyler, Livingston and Fulton become persons at whose doors we might well knock and the valley of the "Great River" is again a succession of hospitable homes inviting us to share their great tradition.

BRIDGMAN'S LIFE DRAWING. By George B. Bridgman. Edward C. Bridgman, Pelham, New York. Price, \$5.50.

THE NAME of Bridgman has become synonymous with instruction in drawing. During the more than twenty years in which he has taught and lectured his influence upon the art students of almost a generation has probably been greater than that of any other one man. It is not his claim that he makes artists; he teaches persons to draw. Having given them the fundamental tools of their art neither he nor any other can do more.

It is not, therefore, as instruction in art that this book is offered, but one must be able to put down his vision before that vision can be seen. A mastery of drawing is essential whether one aspires toward the sacred walls of the Academy or not. Neither is this book an exercise in "drawing made easy." This most difficult craft is presented simply and with such complete instruction that its principles are readily grasped; methods of working are suggested which can not fail to aid the student; as far as the teacher can go in helping his pupils Mr. Bridgman has gone.

ENGLISH DECORATION AND FURNITURE. EARLY RENAISSANCE, 1500-1650. By M. Jourdain. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$25.

FOUR VOLUMES, *The Library of Decorative Art*, of which this is the first, form an analytical and historical survey of English decoration and furniture from 1500 to 1820. The first and last of the series have been written by Miss Jourdain; the second and third by Francis Lengyon. In this present volume, dealing with the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, the chapters which will most appeal to readers are those concerned with decoration. The author's task has been more difficult in this book than in the others of the series, for it was incumbent upon her to trace the development of decoration and furniture up to the time of which she treats as well as to discuss that particular period. She has succeeded in doing that briefly and well. Especially she has called attention to the various foreign influences upon English styles both before and after the sixteenth century, showing not only the results of these importations but the reasons for their popularity as well.

The chapters devoted to woodwork, carving, decorative painting and coloring and glazing contain much information which has hitherto been so widely scattered as to make a complete study of these branches of the decorative arts extremely difficult. And to a collocation of factual material which must have entailed a vast amount of scholarly research Miss Jourdain has added much valuable observation of her own. The more than four hundred illustrations are in themselves a compendium of English decoration of the period.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORIC WALL-PAPERS. By Nancy McClelland. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$25. (To be reviewed.)

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS. By Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$15. (To be reviewed.)

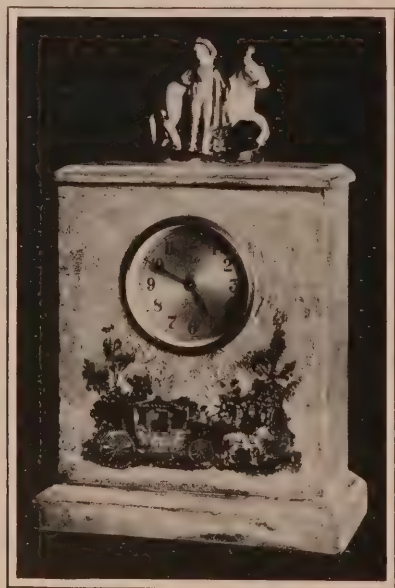
ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA R. BAXTER

IF THERE is anything more delightful than to wander leisurely along the crooked streets and among the musty shops of Paris, it is to return from such a stroll with a real "find," as the Empire clock illustrated here. It was discovered in the Quai Voltaire by an acquisitive American, and now gaily ticks away among charming sur-



roundings at the McMillen Studio. It enjoys the close companionship of a beautiful Directoire candelabrum, recently brought from Versailles, and together with many other choice gleanings from the old world, they do their bit toward making this Studio a place to linger.

AN INTERESTING contrast to the French time-piece is this excellent reproduction of an early American clock. It is made of wood finished in antique ivory, and in the face of it is set a quaint and colorful old print. On top the little Staffordshire figure is serenely sure of its charm and worth. This clock can be had in any finish, but



no two are alike, as the prints and Staffordshire figures are from limited collections and can not be duplicated. It stands seven and a half inches high, by five and a half wide, and will strike a perfect note in any early American interior. It is exhibited by Jane White Lonsdale, whose collections of this period are well known and unusual.

SO RARE and valued are Apostle spoons, so permeated with age and tradition, that to collectors and connoisseurs it is an event when a stray one is found. Those illustrated here are made of satiny olive wood, the handles surmounted by silver figures of the Apostles, fragile symbols of an intensely religious era which have survived since the early fifteenth century. Occasionally, upon the death of a collector, a few of them are released, and thus were the three examples illustrated acquired by the Clovelley Gallery. In 1923 there died in New York the mysterious Russian portrait painter, Princess Vilma Lowff-Parlaghy, who left behind an amazing assortment of art treasures, gathered from all over the world. Some of them are now in the possession of the Clovelley Gallery, including a canopied bed of Marie Antoinette's, in which the painter-princess died.



THE GALLERY of Mary Coleman has on exhibition an unusually varied collection of paintings, sculpture and old furniture, with a uniform and definite note of excellence running through all the examples. Of great interest is an example of the work of Bryant Baker, an article on whom appeared in *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* in 1917. Mr. Baker, who is first medalist of the Royal Academy, and who has done busts of King Edward VII, Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, Chief Justices White and Taft, and other notables, is represented by a number of his small bronzes, one of which, the "Son of Pan," is reproduced here, standing upon one of a pair of exceptional cabinets of the Louis XIII period. This gallery is further enriched by a group of drawings of Milton Bancroft's. Bancroft will be remembered for his superb panels in the Court of Seasons at the San Francisco Exposition, and

when he sallied forth to war he returned with what have been recognized as the finest drawings of the American sector. They have not been exhibited before, save at the Corcoran Gallery, shortly after the armistice, and they range from brilliant studies of war scenes to charming delineations of France in quieter mood. Another medalist of the Royal Academy, John Young Hunter, called by Sargent "one of the best English artists of the day," is represented by his portraiture and landscapes of the far



"THE SON OF PAN" BY BRYANT BAKER

west. As a final touch, old furniture, chiefly eighteenth-century English, lends to this gallery, in addition to true elegance and charm, a livable quality difficult to surpass.

LA TAPISSERIE Ajourée, or Transparent Tapestry, a French innovation, is just being introduced in America, and aside from its beauty is interesting as a distinctly new idea in weaving. The motif, showing the same on each side, is woven as in the Aubusson stitch on parallel flax threads or warps which are left unweaved according to the design to give the transparency, in a harmonious blending of wool, silk, silver and gold which give transparent tapestry the infinite richness of color and design of the old tapestries. It was first made shortly after the armistice and has since then attracted general attention and much favorable criticism and received an honorable mention at the Lyons Fair, in 1923, and an "Hors-Concours" at the French Exposition in New York in 1924 where it was exhibited. Many of the tapestries follow the old masters in design and color but the piece illustrated is a conception of a young artist. Placed against light the lordly peacock reigns, apparently in a real out-of-doors garden. The charm of these new transparent tapestries,



shown by J. R. Herter and Company, is that their transparency makes it possible to use them as window and bed valances, curtains and portières, as well as wall hangings, and the extreme lightness of weight adds to their adaptability.

OCCASIONALLY, it seems, the possibilities and fascinations of ceramics have lured the painter away from his canvas, and such is the story of Carl Walters. He was a painter for quite a span of time before he began to delve into the mysteries of flame and clay. At Woodstock,



New York, he has his own kiln and burns fagots, because they give the longest and most intense heat. Illustrated is a striking piece of his recent work, done in the Egyptian blue glaze, and exhibited at the Little Gallery. The size of the head is twelve by nine inches.

THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

THE WORLD of art does not generally know that, when the artists of Japan were inventing the color print in the eighteenth century and bringing it to a state of such exquisite perfection that it was later to become the inspiration of painters and the passion of collectors, all the technical niceties of their art had already been discovered by the Chinese and that a century before the Japanese turned their attention to them the Celestial Empire was producing woodblocks in color that are immortal masterpieces. Connoisseurs do not know, because these ancient Chinese prints are almost the rarest things in the world. They were not prized by the Chinese themselves, who regarded them as an unworthy reflex of the art of painting, and as a consequence they perished as being of no value, whereas in Japan they became, as it were, a cult of the people, an expression of the nation itself. China refused to see in the woodcut an artist's medium, and this made impossible a creative outburst such as occurred in Japan. However, from the early years of the seventeenth century some remarkable examples have survived, poems in the shape of flower studies that express the elusive souls of their subjects. Guy Eglington has written about them for the January number, and several have been reproduced. Two, in color, are sure to be treasured by the lover of Chinese art.

THE JANUARY INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will in fact be largely a Chinese number, because there will be several articles devoted to different phases of the art of the Celestial Empire.

AT NINGPO, in a street back of the post-office, are the shops of the woodcarvers. Clever little images are displayed at the windows, and inside, at benches covered with chisels of all sorts, the artist-craftsmen work all day long. The product of their toil is truly an "art of the people," for it goes into the humbler homes of China and has to do with the every-day life of the citizens. A collection of Ningpo carvings comes very near to describing the whole economic life of that part of the nation. For instance, a plowman at work driving his temperamental donkey, a native turning a winnowing box, another grinding rice, a woman at her table embroidering, a man operating a rice pounder which is precisely a see-saw, a coolie pulling a jinricksha, a man in a boat fishing with cormorants that dive into the water and bring back their prey—everything done with plastic accuracy and inimitable expression. A collection of photographs of these figures, with explanatory text, will afford much amusement to readers.

THE TOMB figures of the Chinese correspond to the *usbati* that acted as servants to the Egyptian dead or to the Tanagra figurines found in Greek graves. The Chinese figures, however, are the merriest and most human of them all and, with the exception of a definite company of mourners, seemed to ignore the grief that is associated with the tomb. The reason for this was that the Chinese believed that the soul remained in the tomb with the body and hence had to be entertained, served and protected just as the physical man was in life. To this end there were gay musicians, charming ladies of the harem, a staff of servants and a soldier guard, all modeled in clay and placed around the dead. Sometimes the images were made of straw, wood,

paper, or even copper, but the clay figures were the most common. The origin of the use of tomb figures goes back to barbarous times when living men, women and animals were immolated at the funerals of the great of the earth. As humanitarian principles took possession of Chinese ideals, particularly under the influence of Confucius, these little effigies began to take the place of the living. Helen Comstock will write on this phase of Chinese art in the January number.

TO THE OCCIDENTAL mind, a dragon is a horrible monster, a fierce and terrible enemy of mankind. Perseus, Jason and St. George all won their D. S. O.'s by fighting with it and slaying it, and St. John had quite a lot to say, inferentially, about its wickedness in the Book of Revelation. For this reason it is difficult to appreciate the dragon's universal appearance in Chinese art, and our first reaction is to wonder how that nation ever could admire so wicked an object. When we find, however, that the dragon is a symbol of great good in China and that it is just as nice in its attributes as a winged angel is with us, we are set right in the matter. Mr. and Mrs. G. Glen Gould have written about the Chinese dragon in the January number.

"RESTRAINT and plan are the rarest qualities to be observed in the average art collection," says William B. McCormick in the January number. "Given money enough, the collector may generally be counted on to buy and buy and buy until he finds his walls, cabinets and floors hung and crowded with pictures, furniture and groups of art objects whose schematic idea is so faulty and incongruous as to make him realize that instead of creating a good collection he has been making a succession of horrible mistakes. Rare indeed is the private collection presenting so complete and perfect an antithesis to this, particularly in the elements of restraint and plan, as the little group of paintings assembled by Otto Kahn of New York in two rooms of his Fifth avenue town house." Then the reader is taken by Mr. McCormick on an intimate tour of the Kahn collection, the masterpieces of which are presented by means of reproductions. This is another of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO's series of articles on American art collections.

THERE is too much isolation in the art of California. Many worthy painters are producing there each year pictures that, if known to the East, would make national reputations for their creators. California knows them and loves them, and it is the misfortune of the rest of the country that knowledge of them is circumscribed. INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is doing its best to remedy this by introducing from time to time California artists to the whole nation. In January there will be an article by Rose V. S. Berry on the work of Guy Rose, who stands in the first rank on the coast. A color plate of "Rocks and Sea" will be among the reproductions.

THE painting of the "Madonna and Child," reproduced on the cover of this number, appears by courtesy of the Klienberger Galleries.

Payton Boswell



The Genre Designs of an Old French Needlepoint *are reproduced in this Tapestry Covering*



Like its original, this tapestry, a reproduction of an antique French needlepoint, is filled with animated vignettes



INTERWOVEN with homely humor and acute observation, replete with popular anecdote from edge to edge, the genre tapestries of the 17th and 18th centuries have a variety of interest that makes them unique not only among tapestries but among all decorative textiles.

This fine modern tapestry recreates the same abundant and interesting forms which patterned a superb antique French museum piece. The original was done not on a tapestry loom, but in the still older fashion of needlepoint. The modern replica shows the tiny, charming figures of the original, mountebanks of old French countrysides with their dancing bear and fortune-telling bird. Flying insects, peacocks in pursuit, richly filling every space, are all framed and held into the composition by a winding ribbon suggestive of a Chinese cloud-band.

Like the original, it records in soft wools and reds and yellows of primitive freshness the rise of democratic taste. Far from mediaeval themes of chivalry, from the sumptuous classicism of the Renaissance, it faithfully follows the example of the peasant scenes later popularized by Teniers and Goya.

While this tapestry contains all the merits and charm of the original, modern developments in textile weaving have made it quite available for today's interiors. Other tapestries representing the genre traditions of France, of Flanders, and of Spain are in the Schumacher collection, while the whole range of tapestries, reproducing the best of the great periods, is unusually comprehensive.

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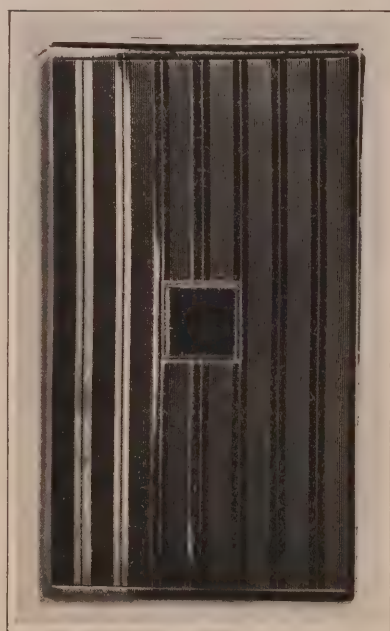
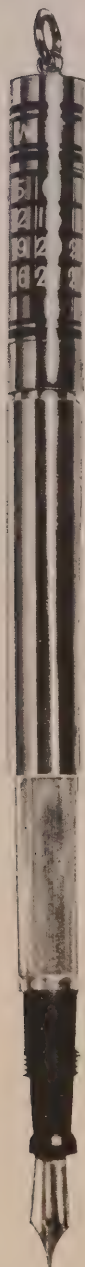
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ABOVE: GOLD ROLLING BRACELET
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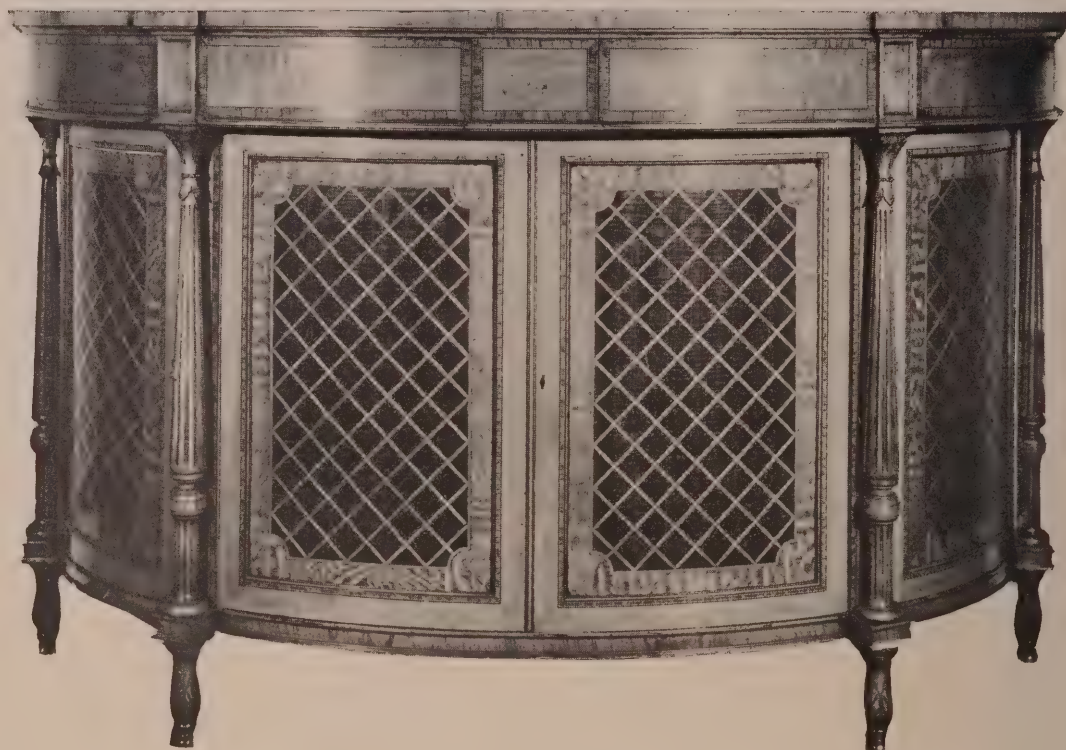
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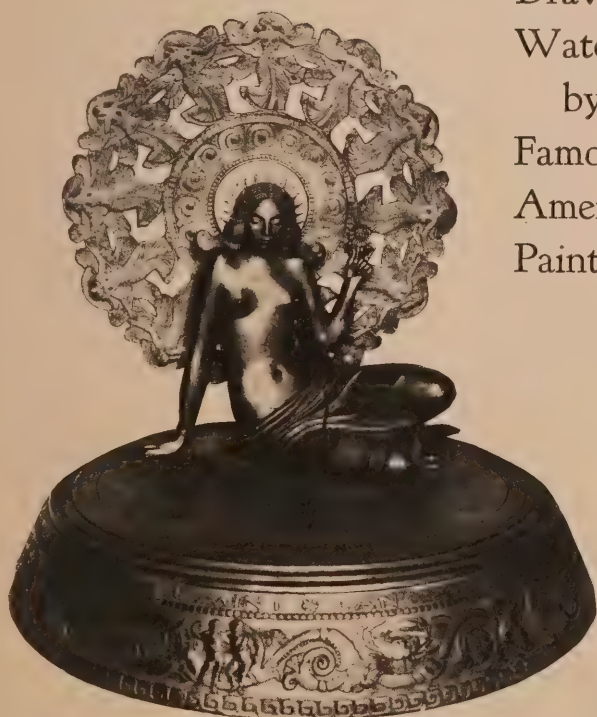
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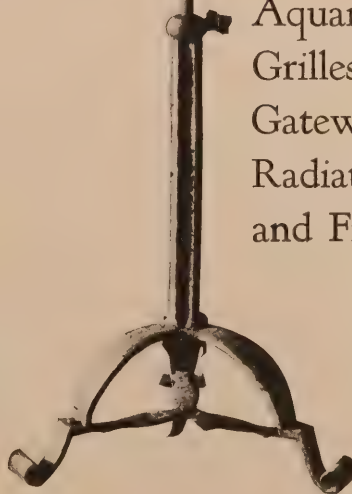
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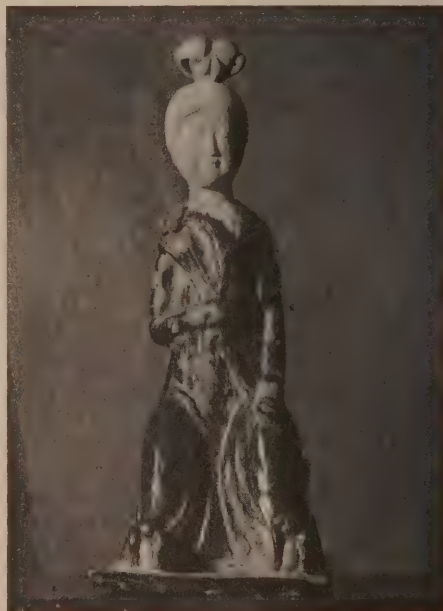
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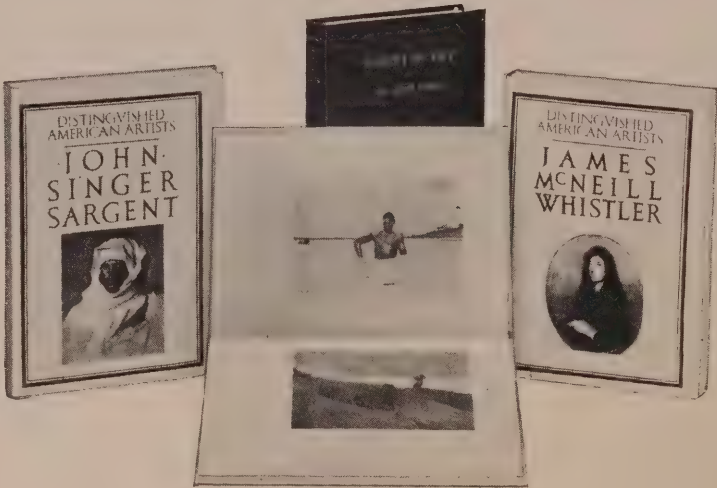
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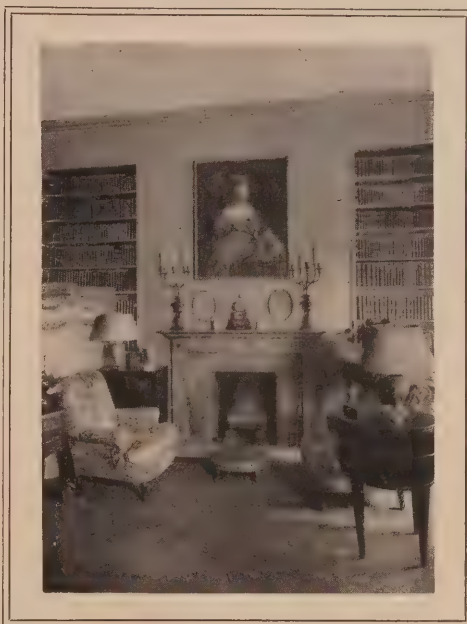
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CALENDAR OF

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS

JANUARY 1925

DATE	FROM	TO	VIA	LINE	STEAMER
Jan. 1	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Pacific	Essequibo
Jan. 2	New York	Paramaribo	Trinidad	Royal Netherland	Prin. Fred. Hendri
Jan. 2	New Orleans	Rotterdam	Havana	Holland-America	Maasdam
Jan. 3	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Pan American	Southern Cross
Jan. 3	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	America
Jan. 3	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Jan. 3	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Columbus
Jan. 3	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	New Amsterdam
Jan. 3	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Pastores
Jan. 6	New York	Genoa	Algiers	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Duilio
Jan. 7	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Jan. 8	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Assyria
Jan. 8	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Deutschland
Jan. 8	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Hellig Olav
Jan. 8	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Dollar	President Adams
Jan. 8	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Grace	Santa Teresa
Jan. 8	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Panama Pacific	Kroonland
Jan. 9	New York	Lisbon	Azores	Fabre	Madonna
Jan. 10	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	George Washington
Jan. 10	Providence	Lisbon	Azores	Fabre	Madonna
Jan. 10	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Jan. 10	New York	London	Cherbourg	Atlantic Transport	Minnewaska
Jan. 10	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Lamport & Holt	Vauban
Jan. 10	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Ulua
Jan. 14	Houston	Havre	Direct	French	De La Salle
Jan. 14	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Jan. 15	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Cleveland
Jan. 15	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth	American	Mongolia
Jan. 17	New York	Valparaiso	Callao	So. American S.S. Co.	Teno
Jan. 17	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Pan American	American Legion
Jan. 17	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	President Roosevelt
Jan. 17	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Jan. 17	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Jan. 17	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	Veendam
Jan. 17	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Tolosa
Jan. 20	San Francisco	Valparaiso	Manzanillo	Toyo Kisen Kaisha	Senyo Maru
Jan. 20	New York	San Francisco	Norfolk	Pacific Mail	Ecuador
Jan. 20	New York	Genoa	Palermo	Trans. Italiana	Dante Alighieri
Jan. 20	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillon
Jan. 20	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
Jan. 22	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Dollar	President Garfield
Jan. 22	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Grace	Santa Ana
Jan. 22	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Panama Pacific	Finland
Jan. 24	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Lamport & Holt	Vestris
Jan. 24	New York	Genoa	Madeira	Lloyd Sabaudo	Conte Verde
Jan. 24	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
Jan. 24	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Calamares
Jan. 28	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	President Harding
Jan. 28	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Jan. 28	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	Royal Mail	Orduna
Jan. 29	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth	American	Minnekahda
Jan. 29	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Pacific	Ebro
Jan. 30	New York	Trieste	Azores	Cosulich	Martha Washington
Jan. 31	Boston	Trieste	Azores	Cosulich	Martha Washington
Jan. 31	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Jan. 31	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Jan. 31	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Pan American	Pan American
Jan. 31	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Pastores

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- Jan. 7—The Mediterranean, Egypt and Palestine. S.S. Adriatic. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 13—Short West Indies Cruise. S.S. Reliance. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

Jan. 14—Around-the-World. S.S. Empress of France. Arranged by Canadian Pacific Steamships, Ltd.

Jan. 17—The Mediterranean, Egypt and Palestine. S.S. Lapland. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 20—West Indies. S.S. Montroyal. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 20—Around-the-World. S.S. California. Arranged by Frank C. Clark.

Jan. 22—West Indies. S.S. Megantic. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 22—Caribbean Cruise. S.S. Tuscania. Arranged by Cunard and Anchor Steamship Lines.

Jan. 22—Around-the-World. S.S. Franconia. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 22—South America. Panama Canal, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentine, Uruguay and Brazil. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 22—West Indies. S.S. Orca. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 24—The Mediterranean. S.S. Homeric. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 24—West Indies. S.S. Calamares. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 29—Mediterranean Cruise de Luxe. S.S. Scythia. Arranged by Frank Tourist Company.

Jan. 31—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Laconia. Arranged by Frank C. Clark.

Jan. 31—Long West Indies Cruise. S.S. Reliance. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

Feb. 4—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Rotterdam. Arranged by Holland-America Line.

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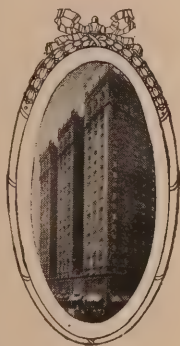
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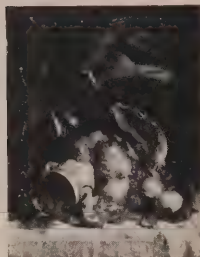
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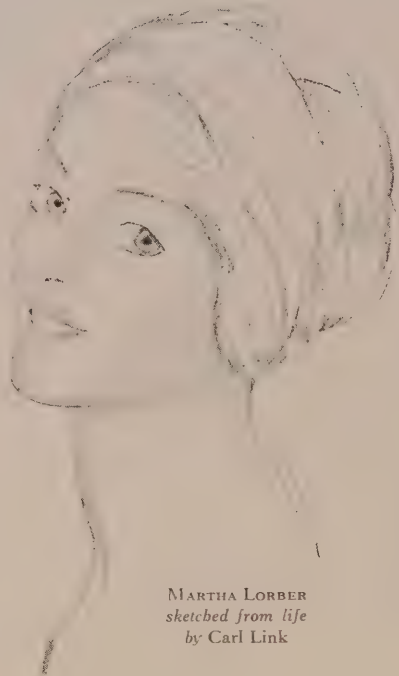
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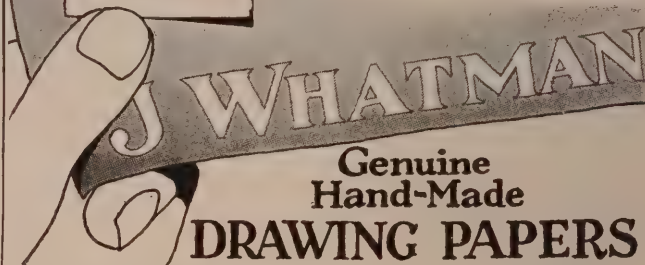
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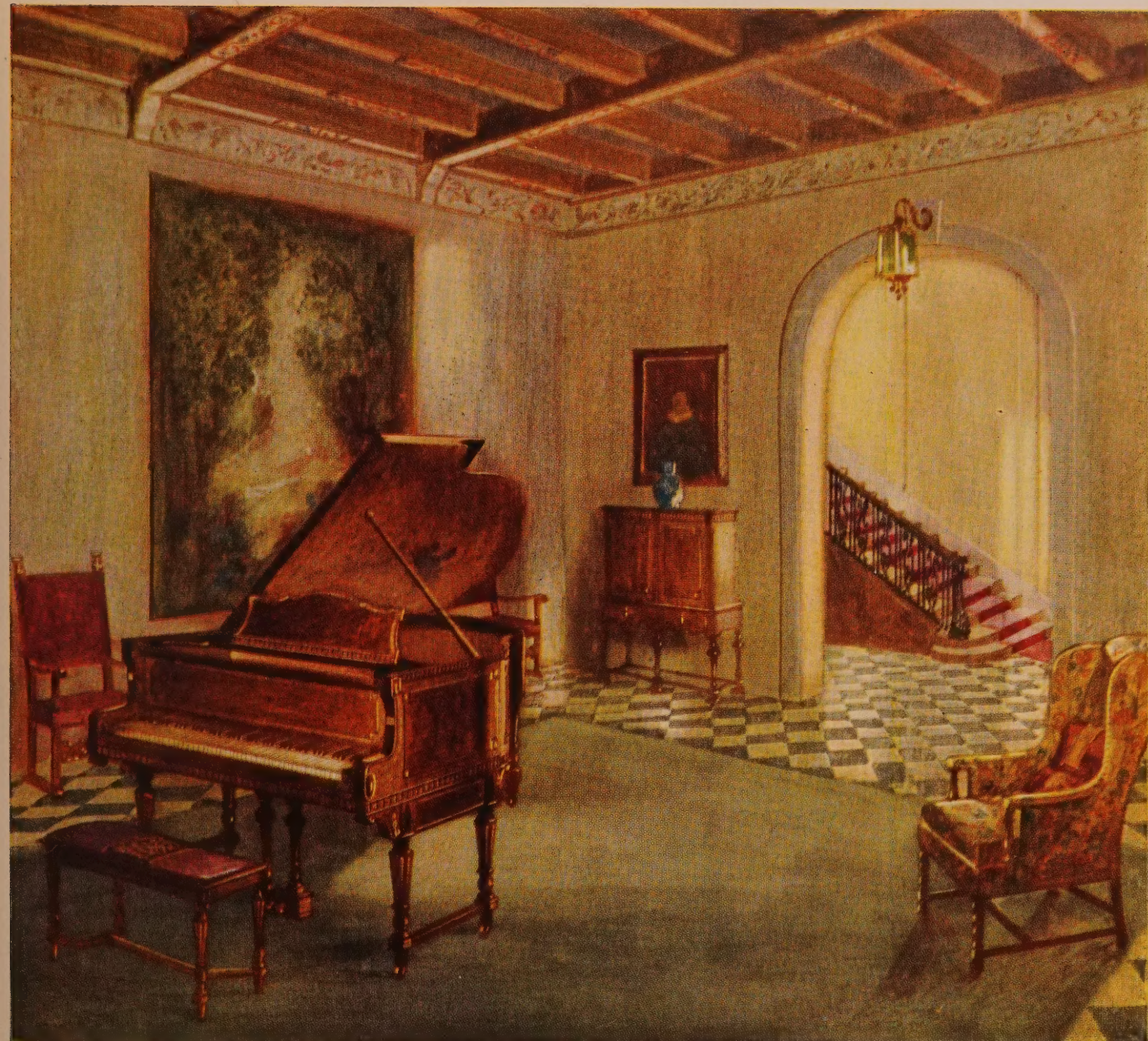
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It is of duo-tone walnut in plain and figured veneer with characteristic hand carving*

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